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AUGUST 20, 1982

Wm. F. Buckley asks:
EXIT REAGANOMICS?
—See page 1042

NATIONAL REVIEW

The Battle is Joined:
THE CONSTITUTION TO THE RESCUE

DONALD LAMBRO

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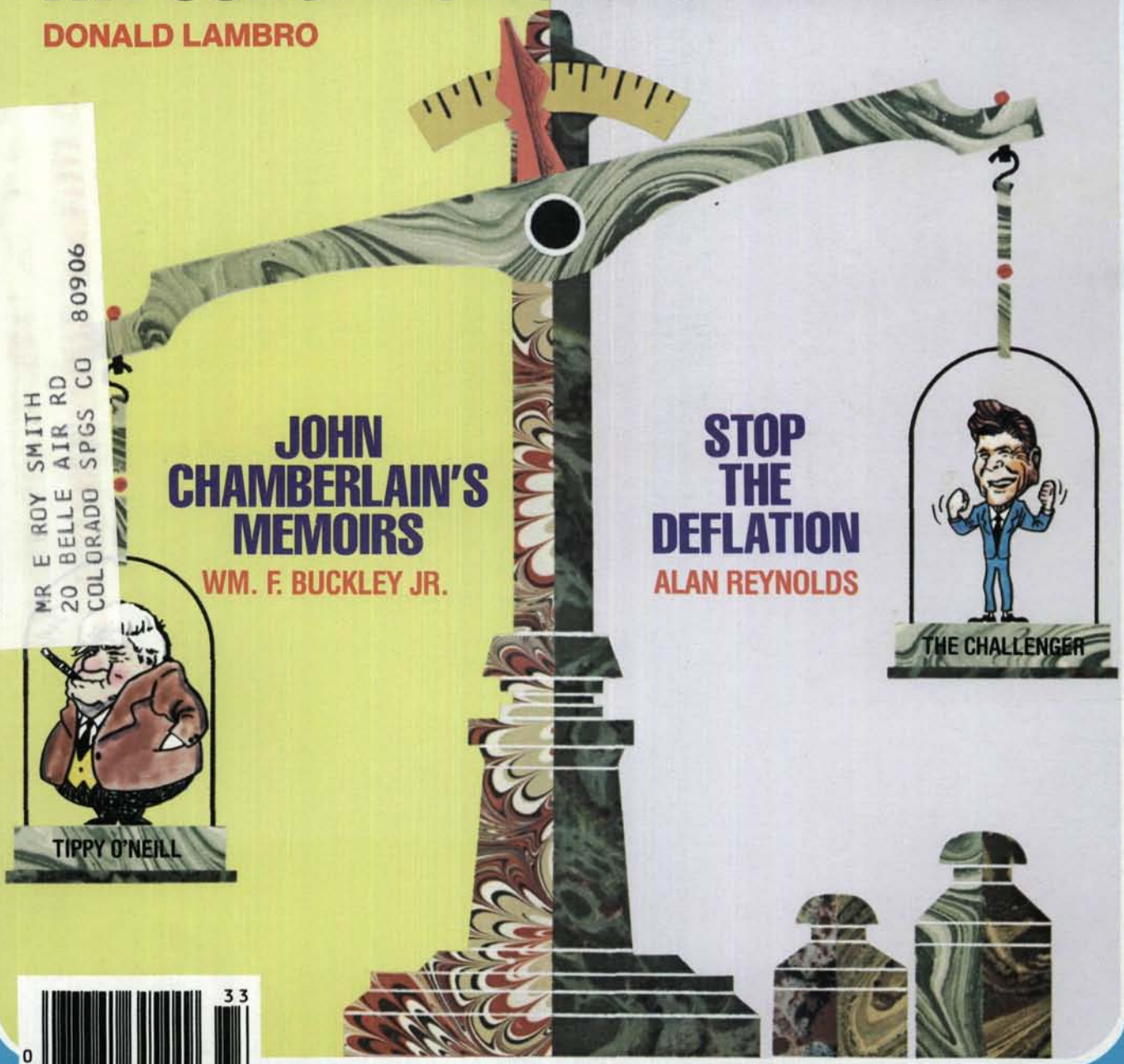

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN'S MEMOIRS
WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

STOP THE DEFLATION
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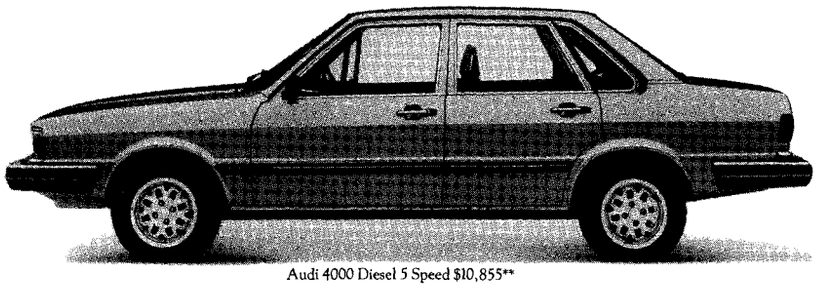

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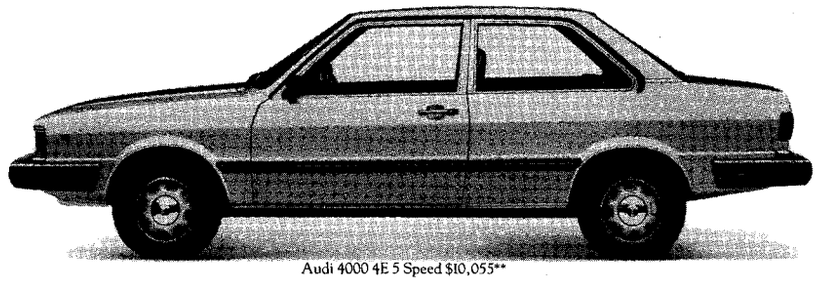

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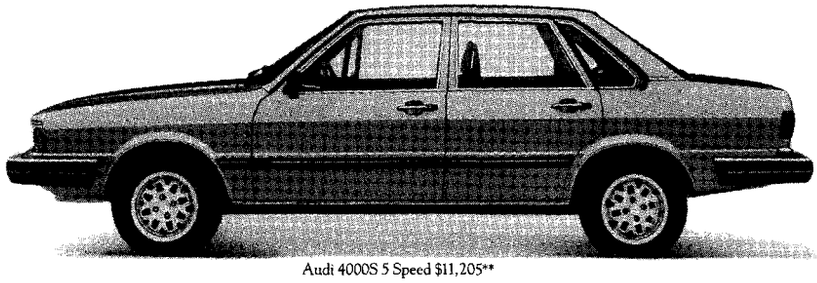

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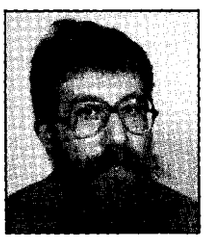

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The Balanced-Budget Amendment

1009 The Constitution to the Rescue
Milton Friedman's for it. Jack Kemp's against it. Ronald Reagan has endorsed it. Jim Davidson credits Reagan with proving that the budget process is so far out of control as to require it. Tip O'Neill threatens to kill it. Lew Uhler, though, started it. *Donald Lambro*

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1012 Stop the Deflation
Stabilizing prices are a sign of economic recovery. Falling-through-the-floor prices aren't. *Alan Reynolds*

1018 Don't Fence Me In!
Who says the Russians won't listen? The peace movement, that's who. *George V. Higgins*

1019 Soviet Vulnerabilities
If they wipe us out, they lose their sole source of support. Their men are dying younger. Their birth rate is falling (four abortions per live birth). Nationalism is growing in the provinces. You almost have to pity the Soviet ruling class. *L. H. Gann and M. S. Bernstam*

1022 Socialism, Sí, Küng, No
The heretics are no problem; they eliminate themselves. But the Catholic Church has been making its peace with the socialist movement. *Thomas Molnar*

1025 Amounting to Something
A portrait of *NR*'s art critic, Ruth Berenson—our very favorite bureaucrat in all the world. (The second in a series of portraits of *NR* editors and columnists.) *C. H. Simonds*

Books Arts & Manners

1028 **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** tells us everything about John Chamberlain that John Chamberlain is too modest to mention, which is considerable. . . . **William A. Rusher** thanks Lou Cannon for an old-fashioned job of hard reporting on Ronald Reagan. . . . Roger Wilkins doesn't know what he's talking about, even when he's talking about himself, groans **Joseph Sobran**. . . . **Thomas Mallon** salutes Gore Vidal's new collection of essays. . . . **D. Keith Mano** wonders why Nixon said all those mean things about Helen Gahagan Douglas, anti-Communist. . . . What's wrong with ambition? Joseph Epstein asks, **Mitchell S. Ross** furrows a brow. . . . **Ralph de Toledano** likes his Beethoven straight, but digs Verdi's "sobs and throbs."

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Cover design by James W. O'Bryan

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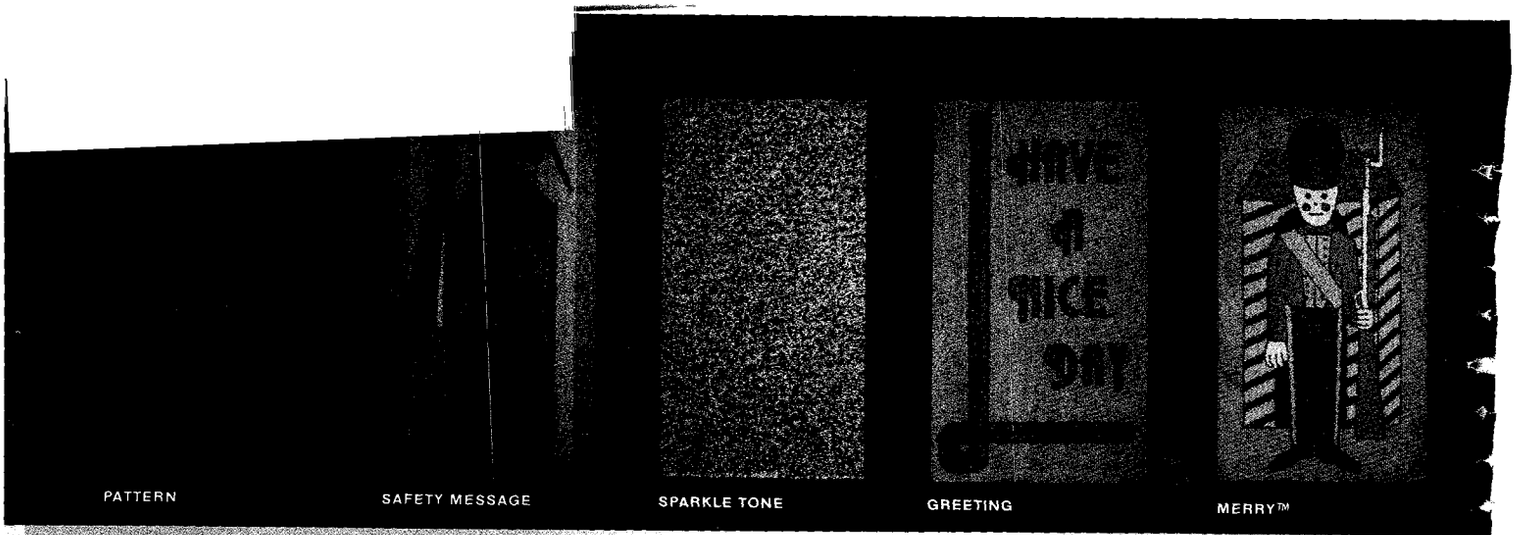

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Letters

Poetic Paradox

Edmund Morris ["Return to the Beloved Country," August 6] lyrically relates the paradoxical nature of South Africa and the position of those who wish to see a peaceful resolution of the current conflict. The obvious complexity demonstrates that the world cannot be perceived as a simple struggle between right and wrong, good and evil, black and white.

Cynthia A. Lempert
Wellesley, Mass.

Amoral Markets

Why must capitalism be grounded in some theological, moral system ["Fire Bells in the Night," by James Hitchcock, July 23; a review of *The Spirit of Democratic Capitalism*, by Michael Novak]? Obviously, capitalism is an *amoral* way to get people to produce and distribute goods. Sometimes morally righteous men prosper; sometimes guttersnipes do. With all respect to Mr. Novak, capitalism does not necessarily imply the political freedoms we embrace, either. Despite a successful implementation of free-market economics by graduates of that school in Chicago, individual liberty is not guaranteed and free elections are not yet held in Chile. Quite often, capitalism produces remarkable economic benefits. This, however, does not prove that it embodies ethical imperatives, or that it leads to a more brotherly, peaceful world.

Michael Morley
Chicago, Ill.

Anchors Away

Damian Housman's "Lessons of Naval Warfare" [July 23] appears a bit spongy for a "technological analysis." For example, I cannot understand how he can equate the detonation of nine Mk 82 bombs lying on the armored flight deck of the *USS Enterprise* with six hits on the softer sides of a ship by cruise missiles.

Mr. Housman's analysis seems to be overkill in support of the large carrier.

Harry E. Goldsworthy
Spokane, Wash.

Good as Gold?

I am profoundly grateful for Senator Goldwater's tough talk to President Reagan concerning U.S. support of Taiwan ["Letter from Washington," July 23]. But when it comes to Israel, the Senator appears to have slipped a cog. Prime Minister Begin has no right to order the invasion of another country, indeed!

Imagine for a moment one of the Soviet Union's principal flunkies for international terrorism comfortably situated in northern Mexico, from which it was launching rockets at the cities and towns of southern Arizona. In addition, imagine the Mexican government either unable or unwilling to do anything to stop the attacks. If his ox were the one being gored, I suspect that Senator Goldwater would not be agonizing quite so much about the morality of one country invading another.

Fredrick M. Williams
Roanoke, Va.

Gone and Forgotten

I commend Joseph Rehyansky for his trenchant dismissal of William Kunstler ["Have Gripe, Will Travel," July 9]. No one would dare question the right to due process for Abbie Hoffman or Joanne Little, but the flagrant disregard for judicial procedure exhibited in court by their defender undermined his own cause. Kunstler appears, in retrospect, to be a man for only one season.

Howard Barton
Brooklyn Heights, N.Y.

Unctuous Allies

I had to rub my eyes and rearrange my glasses after reading John McLaughlin's last column ["From Washington Straight," July 23].

McLaughlin rejoices that George Shultz will be "more aware than Haig of how essential Arab oil is to our economy and security." Apparently Mr. McLaughlin hasn't noticed how little OPEC policy has to do with Israel or the PLO and how very much it has to do with simple greed and hostility to the West. J. B. Kelly's carefully researched and instructive book *Arabia, the Gulf, and the West* should clear his head on that score.

As to McLaughlin's view that the invasion is no more in Israel's long-term interest than it is in the interest of the United States, two points: a) if the issue is a possible conflict between Israeli and American interests, what does it matter? and b) nations with ferocious and fanatical enemies massed on their borders haven't the luxury of contemplating long-term interests, they must concentrate on short-term survival.

Sharon Livingston
Washington, D.C.

Brainless Straw Man

In "From Washington Straight" [July 9], John McLaughlin sets up a straw man which he labels "The Haig View," and then proceeds to demolish it. "The Haig View" is such an *obvious* straw man that

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if Secretary Haig did indeed believe this nonsense, then we are fortunate that he resigned. Put simply, "The Haig View," as put forth by Mr. McLaughlin, is that everyone, absolutely *everyone*, would benefit from Israel's invasion of Lebanon.

Mr. McLaughlin misses the true heart of the matter, as shown when he says casually, "Whether the PLO was a nuisance, or not . . ."

I was in Southern Lebanon a little more than a year ago when the PLO had a ceasefire going with Israel. Unfortunately, the PLO had no such agreement with the Christian Lebanese in the town of Marj-Ayun, which they were continually shelling from Beaufort Castle. Perhaps Mr. McLaughlin considers this shelling to be merely a "nuisance," but then he's never had to carry away the body of a child killed in one of the PLO's "nuisance" bombings. Many Christian Lebanese have had this sad duty, and so have many Israelis in Qiryat Shmona and surrounding towns.

What was to be gained by the Israelis from their invasion (as well as by the Christian Lebanese) was the destruction of the PLO. And we in the United States, as well as other decent men, can claim *that* a plus. The Lebanese as a whole gain because their country will shortly be restored to them.

The United States, meanwhile, loses—and gains—in that we find out who our friends really are. One well-known senator recently said that "some of our very best Arab friends" had told him that they would have "no choice" but to take severe economic reprisals against us if we allowed the Israelis to invade West Beirut. No doubt these reprisals would come in the form of increases in the price of crude oil and withdrawals of cash deposits from certain overextended American banks. The question, "With friends like these who needs enemies?" comes to mind.

Paul S. Bailey
Houston, Tex.

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All the News

Nicholas King's article "The *Daily News* Makes It" [August 6] was an interesting look at the once-populist and revisionist beacon in Gotham, which bills itself modestly as the "honest voice of New York." Back in 1940-41, it was one of the journalistic supports of "America First" and the effort to keep the U.S. out of World War II, along with William Randolph Hearst's chain and Colonel Robert R. McCormick's *Chicago Tribune*. Today, sadly, at times it seems more a sort of "Tabloid Times" pursuing advocacy journalism.

In the "Voice of the People" one rarely finds nowadays the pungent, candid observations of the man-in-the-street as in decades past; but rather the statements of elected officials, commissioners, professors, as in the good, grey *New York Times*.

Today's *News*, though it offers Bill Buckley, also has Pete Hamill, Jimmy Breslin, and Earl Caldwell on the left-leaning side. Unlike the old *News*, the current version will puff a Larry Adler, a Paul Draper, or a Paul Robeson and join the chorus perpetuating the "McCarthy Era" myths and fables.

In journalism's Valhalla, Colonel Robert R. McCormick, W. R. Hearst, and Joseph Patterson must groan at some of the positions their newspapers have taken in recent years. In the case of the *Daily News*, though, despite its flaws, at least it still offers superior interpretative coverage and entertaining items for the broad range of readers.

Donald F. Barry
Middle Village, N.Y.

Send In the Clowns

The Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus was in "Philly" a couple of weeks ago. But the Democratic mini-convention ["The Week," July 23] was a better clown act.

Jack J. Mortimer
Philadelphia, Pa.

Roll Back Crozier

After reading "Rollback, New Style" ["The Protracted Conflict," July 23] one is drawn to the conclusion that what really needs rolling back is Brian Crozier.

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According to Mr. Crozier, the ongoing conflict between the Soviet Union and the Western democracies has featured no Western victories, but only Soviet ones. The Soviets, he says, "continue their inexorable forward march," scarcely hindered by opposition from the West or from anyone else.

This argument is not only wrong; it is laughable. To take the most striking example, during the late 1960s and early 1970s, Soviet arms flowed to most of the Arab states; Soviet air and naval units took up positions in the eastern Mediterranean; Soviet policy backed the most extreme demands of the radical Arabs against Israel. Yet by 1974, thanks to Anwar Sadat's vision and some skillful American diplomacy, the Soviet Union had been virtually excluded from the Mideast peace process; it had lost the use of key Egyptian naval facilities, and had seen billions in aid to the Arabs utterly wasted. Moreover, Egypt, once a Soviet ally and a leading force for disruption in the region, is now an American ally and the leading force for Mideast peace.

But accept for the moment the argument that things are rough enough to require new measures to counter the menace of Soviet expansion. What does Mr. Crozier suggest? Why, we should seize Cabinda! One can just imagine some enterprising reporter putting the question at the next presidential press conference: "Mr. President, how about Cabinda?" It is better than a policy; it is a slogan.

Joseph Britt
East Northport, N.Y.

Front-Page Fiction

I found the items in "Notes & Asides" [May 28] concerning conservative and liberal subject classification amusing. However, I have evidence the Reagan Revolution is being felt even in our libraries.

The central branch of the Howard County [Maryland] Public Library is located here in Columbia (a progressive, planned City of Tomorrow where I will need my neighbor's consent if I wish to change the color of my front door). While browsing through the shelves of periodicals, I spotted this sign: "Large Print *New York Times* can be found downstairs in the Fiction Department."

Denise G. Brown
Columbia, Md.

Broad Talk from Broadcasters

Re: "More on the Poor," by Joseph Sobran [May 28]:

A victim of cerebral palsy, I depend on the government (both state and federal) for most of my support. I voted for Reagan in 1980, and, if he runs, I'll vote for him again in 1984. My point is that not all of the people on government aid are crying in their soup, as Mr. Moyers and CBS News would like the public to believe.

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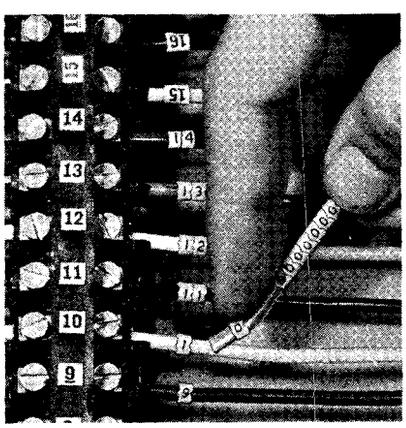

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Some of us actually put the interest of the nation before our own interest. We would totally agree with Mr. Sobran's conclusions. Keep it up.

Peter A. Stoner
Costa Mesa, Calif.

Marketing Socialism

Tom Bethell reminds us ["The Gnostic Fallacy," July 23] that Ludwig von Mises "pointed out something so unexpected that Marx and Engels in all their voluminous writings had not devoted one paragraph to it": namely, that a central planning authority necessarily would lapse into chaos without a market system. No rational allocation or planning is possible without a price and money system.

I became disillusioned with socialism when I read the symposium *Collective Economic Planning*, edited by F. A. Hayek, containing the 1920 article by Mises to which Bethell refers. I had thought that socialism was essentially central planning and that a free market was limited to capitalism, for this was what socialists themselves were saying.

But then Oskar Lange, who purported to show that the free market could operate with socialism, entered the debate. Most socialist thought fails to acknowledge the legitimate and actually indispensable role of the free market in the efficient allocation of goods and resources. On the other hand, most pro-capitalist thinking forgets that market allocation does not require private ownership of large-scale corporations. What happens if large corporations are publicly owned but required to operate in a normal commercial (profit-maximizing) manner, while allowing private ownership of small business to compete effectively in the market?

The only actual examples of socialism are in the Communist countries, where democracy is absent. Are socialism and democracy therefore incompatible? Could socialism be brought about democratically? Would it be an improvement? I am still skeptical about the practicality of working toward this goal, but at least theoretically it is an open question.

Sidney Koretz
Arlington, Va.

To Err Is . . . Hatfield

God knows that we people of Washington State have been represented in Congress for many a year by left-wing nincompoops.

But now you credit us with being represented by that pious jackass, Mark Hatfield ["For the Record," July 23]. Please tell us it ain't so!

Carlton Gladder
Spokane, Wash.

It ain't so, and we're sorry. Our sympathy should have gone to the people of Oregon. —TGB

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Emerging as conservative heroes on the Hill, three freshman senators who were elected in Reagan landslide Nov. 1980: **Paula Hawkins** (Fla.), **Mack Mattingly** (Ga.), **Robert Kasten** (Wis.). They were only three Republicans to vote against **Robert Dole**'s "compromise" tax bill. . . . In the House (see "Blocking Dole," "The Week") real storm is brewing with rebellious Republicans telling Minority Leader **Robert Michel**, Minority Whip **Trent Lott**, they won't go along. This effort, report **Evans & Novak**, is being orchestrated by **Jack Kemp** with advice from former presidential aides **Lyn Nofziger** and **Martin Anderson**. . . . Legislators bemoaning the high cost of government might just look closer to home, says **Tax Foundation**, which reports the cost of running Congress alone is up 808 per cent in twenty years, an average of $2.3 million a year for each senator and $836,000 for each House member.

■ In important upcoming races: late Connecticut polls now show Sen. **Lowell Weicker** (hiss) running about equal with Rep. **Toby Moffett** now that vice presidential brother **Pres Bush** has pulled out. . . . In New York, latest **Gannett** shows Mayor **Ed Koch** just eight points ahead of Lt. Gov. **Mario Cuomo**; but among Democrats likely to vote in Sept. 23 gubernatorial primary, Cuomo leads Koch by three points. The rhetoric's kind of fun. Koch calls Cuomo "the last tragic figure. In politics he's a better Hamlet than **Laurence Olivier**!" On capital punishment issue, however, Cuomo is one up on Hizzoner. I'm against "electrocution," he says, heh, heh, Koch is for it. . . . In Illinois big **Jim Thompson** (remember him: he was the kind of Republican moderate the press boys hinted would be a dark-horse presidential candidate some time back) is running a disastrous

Holland, *Daily Telegraph* Rothco

"Sorry about that—my train was late!"

24 points behind former Sen. **Adlai Stevenson III** in their gubernatorial race. . . . In California, Mayor **Pete Wilson** and **Jerry Brown** have agreed to four debates, the last no later than mid-October, because, says senatorial aspirant Wilson, that will give him time to "shoot down" any Brown inaccuracies floated in the debate. . . . **Ray Shamie**, running against **Teddy Kennedy** in Mass. (brave man), is offering a $10,000 reward to anyone who succeeds in scheduling a debate between him and Teddy. Shamie says Kennedy has never debated a GOP opponent since his first election in 1964. . . . Kennedy camp not at all pleased by two million copies of *Every Family Has One* [*A Black Sheep*] that **Paul Brown** of Citizens Organized to Replace Kennedy is flooding Mass. with. . . . According to **Kevin Phillips**, that Mass. gubernatorial primary between conservative Democratic Gov. **Ed King** and former liberal Gov. **Mike Dukakis** is not going to be the runaway victory for Dukakis that everyone is prophesying.

■ In the House: hang on, everybody, petition circulators are out for **Bella Abzug**, who may decide to run against liberalest (ACU 5, ADA 100) **Theodore Weiss** in New York's liberal West Side. . . . Also in New York, conservative first-termer **Gregory Carman** is stepping aside in favor of **John LeBoutillier** (they were redistricted together). . . . In Md. it will be classic Right-Left confrontation with former Rep. **Larry Hogan** now the assured opponent of liberal Sen. **Paul Sarbanes** in a race in which both Left and Right PACs will play big part. . . . Philadelphia has a shot at young, energetic conservative congressman in **Michael Marino**. He's running against retread **Thomas Foglietta**. . . . And in California, Rep. **Phillip Burton** may have done himself in by his flamboyant gerrymandering of CDs to help brother **John**. John decided not to run and polls show Phil's opponent **Milton Marks** five to ten points ahead. Marks is to the right of Burton, but only just.

■ Watch for the new Shavano (see "The Shavano Institute," *NR*, Feb. 18) TV programs on **Ted Turner**'s cable TV. In it, liberal and conservative each get a TV crew and 15 minutes to make a film, rest of program is debate between proponents. . . . Twelve-week fall session of National Journalism Center starts Sept. 20. It provides six weeks of in-house instruction, six weeks of on-the-job training, pays $100 a week. For info: NJC, 401 C. St. N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.

■ You've got to give it to **Harold Stassen**. He's entered Sept. 14 Minnesota gubernatorial primary, undeterred by 13 strikeouts his last 13 times at bat.

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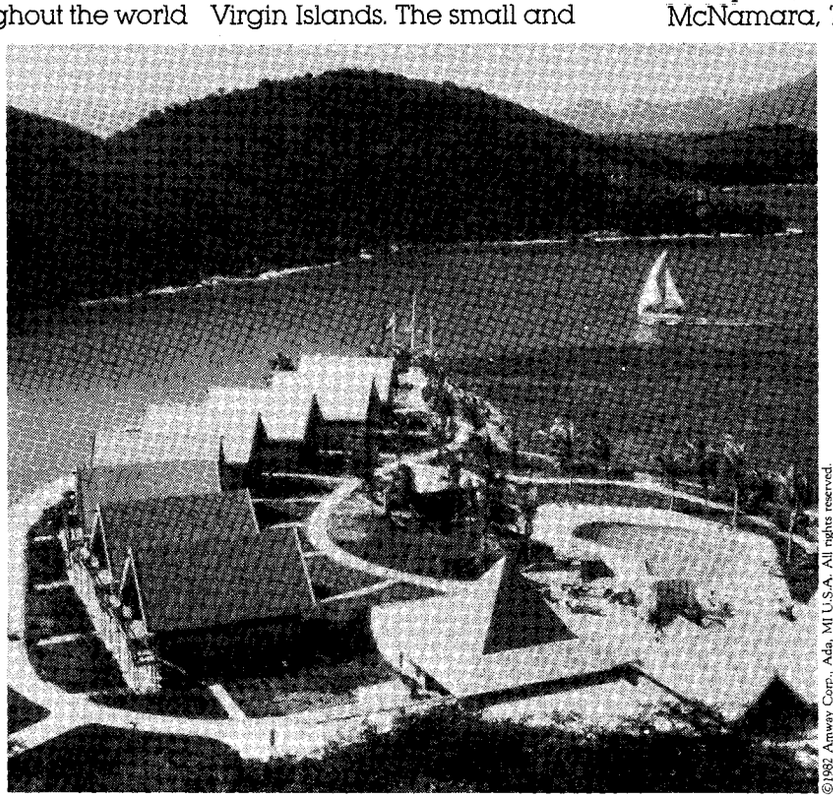

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THE WEEK

■ "All bills for raising revenue shall *originate* in the House of Representatives." If nothing else, Senator Dole's tax bill shows how lightly both Houses take the casual flouting of the Constitution's substance.

■ At a Knights of Columbus convention in Hartford, President Reagan addressed American Catholics on the nuclear issue, speaking to them over the heads of their bishops, who are in the process of drafting a paper calling for a nuclear freeze and for no further deployment of nuclear weapons—both notions awkwardly timed in view of the heavy Soviet deployment during recent years. Reagan called for a reaffirmation of the morality of our deterrent. He also called for action on abortion, tuition tax credits, school prayer and pornography. On the nuclear issues, the President will receive much greater support from ordinary Catholics than from the bishops, many of whose staffs represent one of the remaining strongholds of McGovernism, or worse.

■ The withdrawal of Prescott Bush from the Connecticut senatorial race leaves Connnecticut Republicans with the unhappiest alternatives in town, namely to vote for Toby Moffett, a carousel liberal, or to vote for Lowell Weicker, an eccentric narcissist. Bush could have stayed in and fought a primary (he got 35 per cent of the convention vote), but the money wasn't there, and he turned down the suggestion that he simply leave his name on the ballot, without campaigning, if only to give Weicker some notion of how little many (most?) Connecticut Republican voters think of him. Some Republicans will leave blank the senatorial ballot, and rejoice over the freedom, just every now and then, to be a little irresponsible.

■ The House was not at its best in rolling up margins of 231 to 181 and 251 to 159 against restoring the country's deterrent capabilities in chemical warfare. Fulminations against becoming "partners in crime" with the Soviet Union and avowals that Americans were "not that kind of people"—the kind who make war with poison gas—wholly missed the point. The U.S. reserve capacity for chemical warfare during World War II served to deter the enemy's resort to an important instrument of warfare. That such was the case did not make the U.S. a partner in crime or reflect unfavorably on the American people's character. U.S. improvidence regarding chemical warfare capabilities dates from the mid-1960s—a time when those in charge of security policy were wont to over-appraise the U.S. headstart in the nuclear field and believed the nuclear deterrent had wholly outmoded chemical weaponry. In the interim, the Soviet Union, besides neutralizing the former U.S. nuclear advantage, has notably built up capabilities for chemical warfare. For the U.S. to persevere in neglecting our countervailing capabilities would be to carry improvidence to a dogmatic extreme. Extravagant speeches on the floor of the House are no deterrent to the potential consequences.

■ As we go to press, the Israelis have launched a major and possibly definitive attack upon the PLO positions in West Beirut. It is to be hoped that civilian casualties will be kept to a minimum, but it has to be said on that point that it is not the fault of the Israelis that the PLO is using the local civilian population as a tactical shield, and is using it strategically to buy time in the negotiations. The U.S. effort at mediation had suffered from the beginning of the present conflict from a structural flaw, which may have been decisive. It is difficult or impossible to "mediate" when you do not recognize one of the parties to the conflict, i.e., the PLO. It was a principal political goal of the PLO to secure precisely such U.S. recognition, gaining a political victory in the jaws of military defeat. But it remains a principal Israeli political goal to forestall such recognition. With the talks at an impasse, and Egyptian-Saudi pressure on the U.S. growing, the Israelis had every motive for launching a new and powerful attack.

■ Perhaps it is useless to urge a dispassionate view of South Africa, a country the main function of which is to provide a universal sense of moral superiority. Viewed historically, however, that nation and/or geographical entity is attempting something interesting: a multi-tribal society. They are not aiming at racial integration but are trying to achieve a mode of tribal political equilibrium. Moving toward that goal, Prime Minister Botha has just proposed new constitutional arrangements: a tri-cameral legislature with Whites, Asians, and Coloreds (mixed races) sitting separately. The plan is complex as to jurisdiction, and is meeting with a variety of criticisms. The Blacks are not included in the present plan, and are politically represented only in the so-called tribal homelands—at least for the time being. No one knows whether or how a multi-tribal political system will work, but it is a new idea, and, come to think of it, the globe itself is multi-tribal.

■ Zimbabwe two years later: a bomb bursts in the home of President Robert Mugabe. Thirteen jets are blown up at an airfield. Six white tourists are kidnapped. Bands of armed men run loose through the

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

A generally unremarked development is that the New Righters had been mulling over the idea of holding a full-fledged all-Republican midterm Mini-Convention in September like the one the Democrats held in Philadelphia this past June. Indeed, plans had solidified to the point where one thousand rooms were reserved for the throng in a Dallas hotel. Now the idea has been somewhat altered: the assemblage will be under conservative (rather than broadly Republican) auspices, and will be held in Washington.

The problem was not one of how to generate a crowd. Rather, it was how do you get Republican sponsorship when Ronald Reagan is seen by the New Right as having split himself off so sharply from his constituency on so many litmus issues, like Bob Dole's world-record tax ugly. To avoid trying to jerry-build Republican sponsorship, captains of the New Right decided instead to stage a series of hearings, at which witnesses would testify on issues of moment, as at the 1980 Republican platform conference. A 1982 platform would then be fashioned to which candidates of both parties would be invited to subscribe. Got the picture? Don't be surprised if the media hype this exercise into a 1982 conservative loyalty test, perhaps making heavier weather of it than it deserves. Also don't be surprised if Ronald Reagan gets pelted by New Right rain as the 1982 conservative midterm platform conference thunders and lightens.

■ Savvy folk in town are saying that the herniated $98-billion-plus tax bill will not make it out of the House's operating room, thanks to Jack Kemp and other tax mutineers, and the New Right's mass mailings and phone banks. Besides the tax monstrosity, other short-term preoccupations of the New Right are Taiwan and SALT II. On the latter, conservatives have mobilized to defeat passage of a House resolution that would legally encourage the President to abide by SALT I and II, even though I has expired and II is unratified. New Righters correctly note that the resolution is probably unstoppable and will 1) mis-signal to Russia and the international community U.S. acceptance of a position of strategic inferiority, 2) deny the President the weapons development options we need, and 3) increase our wasteful defense spending by forcing us—if we are to protect our land-based ICBMs—to spend extra money on deceptive basing modes without gaining any added security. Steve Symms, Republican of Idaho, has been the able pointman in opposing the resolution on the Senate side.

On the Taiwan question, everyone here expects a U.S. statement to be issued as a kind of codicil to the Shanghai Communiqué) that will be at least acceptable in Taipei. The pro-Free China forces were much heartened by Ronald Reagan's forceful statements on our long-standing friendship with Taiwan both in a letter to Mrs. William Loeb and in his last press conference.

■ With John Hughes leaving the Voice of America, watch for 24-year House veteran Ed Derwinski to succeed him. Derwinski's credentials are tailor-made for the job: a shrewd senior Republican, a seasoned internationalist, an Israeli loyalist, a foe of foreign-aid money for the Sandinistas, and a non-believer in Red China's trustworthiness.

■ Mail to the Interior Department from both Jews and non-Jews heavily favors James Watt's exhortation (contained in his letter to Israeli Ambassador Moshe Arons) to liberal U.S. Jews to support Ronald Reagan's energy resources development programs, which would strengthen America's ability to be a good friend to Israel. Daniel Patrick Moynihan, who demagogued this issue to death ("an act of bare-knuckled bigotry") is said to have heard this and will, in timely fashion, recant.

■ On the Mideast front, pressure is being exerted on the Administration to instruct Philip Habib to talk directly to the PLO, the 1975 Kissinger memorandum on this being no longer binding since Israel is no longer the Israel of seven years ago (hypermilitarized) and the PLO no longer the PLO of seven years ago (demilitarized).

The Israeli Foreign Minister was treated quite gently by the House Foreign Affairs Committee. One exception, however, that caught Yitshak Shamir up short was an allusion to John Chancellor's TV commentary from Beirut on NBC, August 2, in the wake of Israel's 14-hour bombardment of the Lebanese capital. Chancellor concluded, in unprecedentedly pointed commentary:

> What in the world is going on? Israel's security problem on its border is fifty miles to the south. What's an Israeli army doing here in Beirut? The answer is that we are now dealing with an imperial Israel which is solving its problem in someone else's country, world opinion be damned. Nobody knows how the battle of Beirut is going to end, but we do know one thing: the Israel we saw here yesterday was not the Israel we have seen in the past.

The hope here was that Mr. Shamir will bring that message back with him to Menachem Begin and Ariel Sharon. By the morning of August 5, that hope seemed dim. —CATO

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country, killing and bombing. Soldiers beat a villager in front of TV cameras, and continue beating him, what the hell. It's a mop-up operation. Robert Mugabe has announced that the former Rhodesia will become a one-party state and before he holds *those* elections he is making sure that his only important black rival, Joshua Nkomo—long since fired from the cabinet—is neutralized. So Mugabe's army is gunning down Nkomo's supporters, many of whom are well-armed army deserters. In short the same kind of hit-and-run tactics that ended in Ian Smith's forced abdication under British and U.S. pressure, to the approval of World Opinion, continues in Zimbabwe. But since all of the participants in the present skirmishing are black—the army, the terrorists, and (in general) the victims—World Opinion is taking a walk.

■ For a lady who said her main purpose in coming to the States was to "clear up a lot of misconceptions," Indira Gandhi went about it in a strange way. She likened the U.S. involvement in El Salvador (a handful of military advisors, military and economic aid) to Soviet involvement in Afghanistan (100,000 troops). She opposed U.S. nuclear policies. (The United States has

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refused to sell nuclear fuel to India under provisions of the Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty, which the U.S. has signed, but India has not.) She criticized the sale of U.S. military hardware and F-16s to Pakistan and felt the United States should augment its contributions to various international monetary funds (World Bank, IMF) which bankroll Third World countries—like India. Still, this was an older, less abrasive, often even conciliatory Mrs. Gandhi, and that's, well, an improvement.

■ Actually, that peace march by Scandinavian women from Stockholm to Minsk was a propaganda dud. The marchers, apparently to the surprise of their Soviet impresarios, got out of hand more than once and engaged in well-publicized arguments with their hosts. But you'd never know it from the *Daily World*'s antimacassar-and-old-lace coverage of the event, much of it in this vein: "In the beautiful surroundings once reserved for the Russian aristocracy, East and West discussed how to save our beautiful earth from nuclear barbarism. They serenaded each other in the songs of their people. Eevamaja Tikkanen and Tina Kivinen, two talented young women from Tampete Tempere, Finland, sang songs of protest against war. A delightful Danish ensemble played folk dances to the rhythmic clapping of hands. Amateur workers' song and dance ensembles from Leningrad amazed and enthralled the Scandinavian marchers with their near professional performances. . . . East rushed to meet West. Leningraders met their co-fighters for peace with flowers. They handed red carnations to outstretched hands. They held up their children like banners of peace, some clutching their Misha bears. . . . A group of women were dressed in flowing pink robes in Grecian style, their heads crowned with garlands of flowers. The overwhelming majority of the peace marchers are women: grandmothers, mothers, and mothers yet to be . . ."

■ Whatever you think about the appointment of Mr. Shultz as Secretary of State, the man certainly knows how to dress with style and, indeed, made his appearance on the cover of *Time* wearing the famous Adam Smith tie produced by our old friend Don Lipsett (The Decatur Shop, North Adams, Mich. 49262, $20 each). The Adam Smith tie is known to protect wearers against gnosticism and other evils, so it's bound to do some good at State.

■ When ERA finally died, *Time* ran a cover story raising the banner of sexual equality, in its best we-shall-overcome vein. The story was written by one Jay Cocks, male. The top 14 names on *Time*'s masthead also belong to males. So do the top seven over at *Newsweek*, whose commitment to the cause is equally profound. So do the top eight at the *New York Times*. The *Washington Post*, on the other hand, actually has a woman, Meg Greenfield, among its top seven, making it the most liberated periodical in the big four of the feminist old-boy network.

■ Bessie Dewey of Nampa, Idaho won $100 worth of food in a local raffle, which she dutifully reported to the Social Security Administration, she having remained honest through 89 years. SSA wrote back twice, first to tell her that her $264 monthly allotment had been reduced by $160 over two months, then to tell her that "because your income has changed" her monthly allotment was being cut to $184 forevermore. It all started when she bought a $1 ticket from a local schoolboy. Moral: If you're in the underground economy, don't poke your head up.

■ Reports filter out that Kabul hospitals are bulging with Soviet wounded, after an apparently major Soviet effort to extend fraternal ties of friendship to Afghani natives.

■ Iran says its invasion of Iraq is a war against "blasphemy." At the moment, blasphemy seems to be winning, and nobody's very upset about it.

Has Reagan Deserted The Conservatives?

That is the question posed, with great insistence, by the July issue of the *Conservative Digest*, the entire magazine consisting of a compendium of conservative criticism of the Reagan Administration—old right, new right, neoconservative, supply-side, economic conservative, right-to-life, anti-Communist. The quotations employed are highly selective; many of the people quoted have also praised various aspects of the Administration's performance. And the overall impression created, of an Administration bewildered and stumbling, and losing sight of its principles and its goals, surely does less than justice to the actual record.

Reagan did, after all, succeed with his three-year tax cut, he did impose sanctions on the Euro-Soviet pipeline, and, despite accommodationist pressures from the State Department, he is selling the necessary equipment to Taiwan. He has taken a much firmer position on the forthcoming arms-limitation talks than both Al Haig and the State Department desired. In his recent public addresses, most notably in London and before the United Nations, he has brought to the political forum an unaccustomed articulation of certain geopolitical realities. The President's instincts appear to be sound and intact.

Throughout Mr. Reagan's political career, a kind of tension and resulting rhythm have been observable. Rea-

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gan himself has been remarkably consistent and principled, and he is the most successful conservative political figure in postwar America. It is only apparently paradoxical that he has aimed at major changes in the status quo.

His tax-cut and supply-side economics are at once conservative and radical, in the root sense of the word: they cut through to the roots of economic behavior. And, indeed, there is movement. Interest rates are falling, car sales are up, inflation has been cut in half.

Reagan's "new federalism" is equally conservative and radical. If enacted, it would give voters at the state level the option of funding or dropping some forty programs, most of which, it is safe to say, they have never heard of and probably do not want.

But Reagan has always operated in a political context in which his true radicalism is not understood, or, if understood, not entirely credited. In the 1980 primary battles, John Sears, until his overdue dismissal, tried to package Reagan as an orthodox—well, "Fordist"—Republican. The voters, then and in the general election, preferred the real Reagan. Again and again, Reagan has had to push for his—very popular—policies against the resistance and incomprehension of conventional-minded proponents of the status quo and the so-called politics of the possible.

Mr. Reagan is certainly not to be exempted from criticism. The *Conservative Digest* is correct in its thesis that the State Department middle echelons contain too many holdovers who are fundamentally opposed to Reagan's direction. It is astonishing that Reagan should support, rather than threaten to veto, the huge tax increase being engineered by Senator Robert Dole. But what the *Conservative Digest* has done is drop a sort of rhetorical cluster-bomb, using selective quotations not to advance reasonable criticism but to exclude further discussion.

Doleful Notes

The single biggest item in the Senate Finance Committee's tax hike package is called "taxpayer compliance," and it derives from legislation filed earlier by Senators Dole and Grassley. It seems to be founded on the notion that taxpayers currently have too many rights and could get along without some. It would let the Internal Revenue Service grab another $4 billion (initially) to $9 billion (eventually) a year, not by raising taxes openly, but by taking away taxpayers' rights of due process, imposing huge new paperwork burdens, and in general stacking the whole system even further in favor of the IRS than it is now.

—The most celebrated provision in the package, the crusade against tipping, would have required all but the tiniest businesses (five or fewer employees) to report all credit-card purchases that contain tips to the IRS. Then teams of IRS auditors would sift through the receipts for underreported tip income. Hotel and restaurant prices would go up to compensate workers for the bite, and, because of the massive paperwork, they would go up by more than the IRS would net in revenues. Dole withdrew this provision under fire, but punished the restaurant industry for its opposition by substituting a curb on the deductibility of business lunches.

—Along with its extremely unpopular proposal to withhold taxes on interest and dividends, the package would extend required reporting to capital gains in securities and commodities. What this would do to the already sluggish capital markets is anyone's guess.

—States would have to notify the IRS of the tax refunds they send their citizens. Assistant Treasury Secretary John Chapeton, testifying in favor of the measure, admitted that "we must tread carefully in imposing a requirement of even this limited nature on state and local governments. . . . We note, however, that there has been a proliferation of information exchange agreements between the federal and state governments." So what's one more?

—IRS would be allowed to require taxpayers to file their returns on computer tape. In effect, the IRS would draft taxpayers' computers to help out with the paperwork.

—Business executives are already criminally liable if they allow their firm to transgress the IRS's incomprehensible and ever-shifting rules for "fraud." But the IRS complains that criminal penalties aren't enough of a deterrent. So executives would be made *civilly* liable for half the extra taxes their company should have paid, up to $100,000, even if they in no way benefitted personally from the underpayment.

—Individual taxpayers would for the first time have to pay a penalty for late filing even when the IRS owed *them* a refund.

—Withholding on pensions and annuities is now voluntary, and of course not many retirees ask for it. The Finance Committee bill would reverse the presumption, so that retirees would have to request that tax *not* be withheld. Chapeton says this change would

Reaganomics

Oh, weep for Reaganomics—it is dead!
A simple infant's casket will be fine.
Death came while it was being bottle-fed,
So there's no need to build a gaudy shrine.
They say it had a delicate life-line,
But people wished it well in every poll.
Like Richard, some maneuvered to malign
The "little prince," and doubtless took a toll.
There was no R I P received from Robert Dole.

W. H. von Dreele

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be more "convenient" for the retirees because the IRS would help figure out their withholding rates.

—The proposal would also include a sense-of-the-Congress resolution to increase funding for IRS collection efforts by $25 million a year starting in 1983 and $100 million thereafter.

—The bill would impose a $500 penalty for filing a return that is "frivolous" or shows a "desire" to "delay or impede the administration of tax laws."

—Perhaps worst of all are the proposed rules on "aggressive" tax returns, those which occupy grey areas that the courts have not ruled improper but that the IRS has not approved. When the IRS won one of these cases, it would slap a special penalty on the taxpayer *merely for having taken* an "aggressive" position (unless he had drawn his return to the agency's attention by flagging it as "aggressive"). As Dole and Grassley put it, "no showing of negligence or fraud would be required." This penalty on those who challenge the status quo would also, of course, deter many "aggressive" returns that would have been upheld in court.

For this we elect Republicans? Even the Carter Administration was embarrassed to propose many of these changes.

Blocking Dole

The first glimmers of hope that conservatives could stop the Senate Finance Committee's tax hike emerged on July 29. That was the day House Republicans voted in conference not to support a tax hike unless it were preceded by the spending cuts Congress has provided for in its budget resolution. Specifically, their resolution said that "House Republicans demand the enactment of those spending reductions called for in the reconciliation instructions prior to the enactment of any changes in law providing for increased revenues as prescribed in the Budget Resolution."

If the House GOP members stick to their resolution it could spell the end of the Dole tax bill, which has emerged as the most divisive measure to hit the Reaganite coalition in many a year. The reason, put baldly, is that no one seriously expects congressional spenders to keep their end of the budget bargain. If the tax hike quid must wait upon the spending cut quo, it may well wait forever.

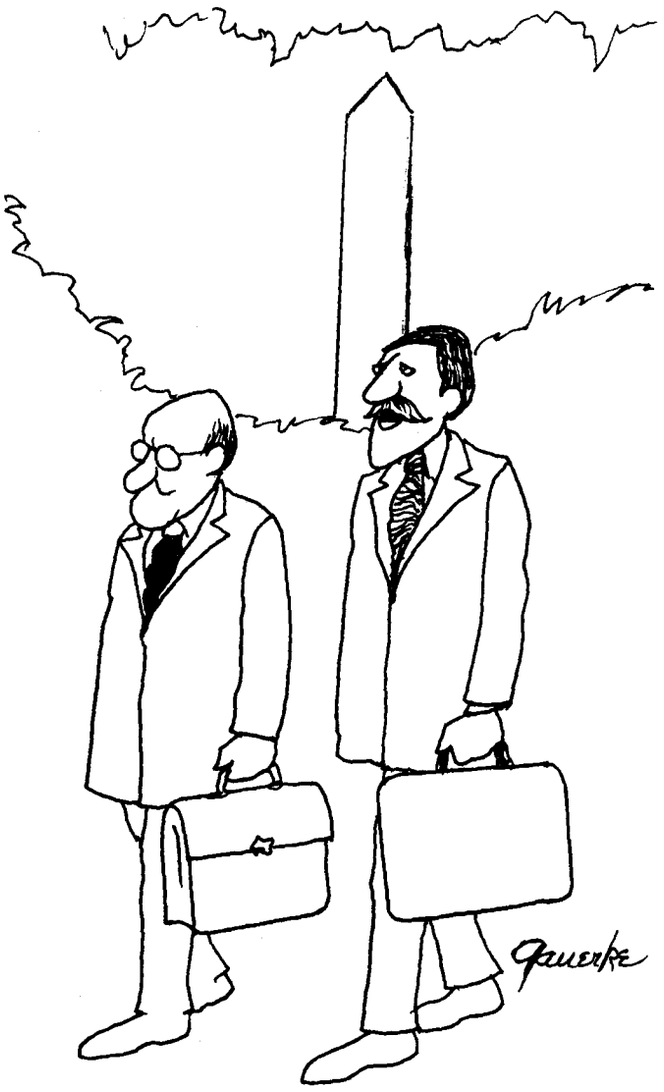
The House Republican rank-and-file has already rebelled against its leadership once, voting by better than 3 to 1 against proceeding directly to a conference committee dominated by tax-raisers. If they rebel again, it will take a lot of Democratic votes to pass any tax bill—and those votes may prove politically unobtainable.

Unlike their senatorial colleagues, the House members are listening closely to their districts. Conservative senators, for the most part, along with their staffs, are busy basking in the unaccustomed glow of good press in the *Washington Post*. But back in the rest of the country, it is a different story. Senators Helms and East, who went along with the tax hike, were lambasted in the North Carolina press, while Senator Kasten, who held out, won applause back in Wisconsin.

'Certifying' El Salvador

Congress, in one of its frequent flights of moral self-inflation, imposed upon the American President a peculiarly undignified task. Before the beleaguered government of El Salvador can qualify for U.S. aid, the President must issue a sort of annual report card "certifying" that that country is making progress on human rights.

The President has now so certified, and a few ob-



"No doubt, our democratic system has its flaws, and, as representatives of our respective districts, we are among them."

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servations need to be made about this whole process.

First of all, the requirement is intolerably condescending to the elected government of El Salvador. Indeed, this kind of moral interventionism is resented throughout Latin America, regardless of the regime in power. El Salvador is forced to put up with the indignity because, without U.S. aid, it would be faced with a Communist takeover.

Next, it is worth noting that, on the historical record, individual rights do not fare well in the midst of civil war. Could Lincoln's government have been certified after suspending habeas corpus? And yet the American Civil War was largely conventional—with organized units, front lines, uniforms—unlike the kind of guerrilla insurgency facing El Salvador.

Finally, the human-rights certification requirement represents bad political theory. The U.S. opposes the guerrilla insurgency in El Salvador not because it admires the local arrangements in that country but because it is in the U.S. national interest to oppose the spread of the Soviet empire, in this case through its local satellite in Havana. Such matters as rights violations and the ebb and flow of land redistribution are no doubt factors in that overall design, but they are not the controlling factors.

What Congress more reasonably might require, instead of "certification," is a coherent design for defeating the insurgency, parts of such a design to include feasible reforms. The defeat of the Communist insurgency would of course be the major contribution to human rights in the long run in that region.

The Bombers Are Coming —At Last

By a vote of 257 to 142, pro-defense members of the House of Representatives defeated an amendment of the Defense Authorization Bill offered by Ronald Dellums (D., Calif.), which would have deleted funds for the strategic bomber. Since the Senate has already authorized initial procurement of the aircraft, it now appears that an important part of the Reagan Administration's defense modernization program—important in both symbolic and tangible terms—will actually join the Air Force inventory in 1986.

The battle over the B-1B is not yet over (funds will have to be approved for the authorization and appropriation each year), but barring some major, unforeseen difficulty, the Air Force will acquire one hundred of the new planes. In addition, according to Administration plans, development will continue on an Advanced Technology Bomber (ATB), sometimes called the "Stealth" bomber. That will be operational in the early 1990s. Until then the B-1B will be our primary manned strategic deterrent, displacing the medieval B-52. Those B-52s which escape the scrapper or the museum will carry cruise missiles—thus, a mission which did not previously exist will have been created.

The B-1B promises to be as stunning a success in its era as the B-52 was before it. With about one one-hundredth the radar cross-section of the B-52 and with a super-advanced electronic-countermeasures system (which can grow to meet Soviet defense improvements), the B-1B may be said to be a sort of Stealth bomber on its own. Smaller than the B-52, it is faster, carries twice the payload, requires fewer crew members, gets off the ground in a fraction of the time, and has excellent range. Eco-freaks will love the clean-burning engines. When the ATB becomes the main penetrator in the mid-1990s, the B-1B will start to carry cruise missiles, and the B-52 will go to the boneyard.

Recent events such as the Falklands war have demonstrated the desirability of possessing the power and flexibility of a modern bomber. Flying the largest combat missions in history, RAF Vulcans attacked the Port Stanley airfield, used anti-radar missiles against Argentinian radar, and patrolled the waters around the islands. Picking up on this example, Representative Michael L. Synar (D., Okla.) has suggested that 24 additional B-1Bs be procured to provide for the rapid destruction of Soviet surface ships beyond the immediate grasp of our aircraft carriers. It may well be, therefore, that additional missions such as sea control will mean that we will buy more than the one hundred B-1Bs now planned. What a pity, then, that the original B-1 was canceled by President Carter in 1977. The first of those 244 aircraft were to become operational *this year*, and at a price much lower than the delay will force us to pay for far fewer planes.

There will undoubtedly be further attempts in Congress to stop the B-1B, often on grounds that we should proceed directly to the ATB. Many of these same congressmen will then be happy to vote against the ATB when it comes due for production, using whatever excuse seems plausible at the time. While some are merely trying to spend our money as wisely as possible, others, such as Representative Dellums, seem to act as a sort of congressional auxiliary to the Soviet SAM corps, trying to shoot down U.S. bomb-

Coming Up, Little Big Horn

Mr. Roberts resigned during winter.
  Mr. Ture parted early in May.
As supply-siders paled, Jerry Jordan
  Passed the word he had called it a day.
Now with Weidenbaum gone, Beryl Sprinkel
  Feels the fortress is almost unmanned,
While the Treasury boss, Donald Regan,
  Has been cramming for Custer's Last Stand.

W. H. VON DREELE

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ers as they come into range. For now, at least, it looks as though they have failed.

By the way, the Soviets appear not to have been swayed by arguments that manned bombers are obsolete. Not only has production of their Backfire (NATO code-name) bomber passed two hundred aircraft, they have also developed a new bomber even larger than the B-1B. The new plane, with a NATO code-name of Blackjack, looks exactly identical to the B-1B. Surprise.

Phillips's Complaint

One of the hottest topics on the New Right these days is funding the Left. More precisely, funding the Left from Washington, and how to stop it. Four months ago, Richard Viguerie's *Conservative Digest* devoted a whole issue to the subject (see "The Week," May 28). Last month, Howard Phillips, director of the Conservative Caucus, fired another salvo.

Phillips went to Santa Monica, California, home of Tom Hayden and Jane Fonda, whose assorted fronts and clients, Phillips said, had gotten over $2.5 million in federal pork in recent years. "Hundreds of millions of dollars are going to support [other] ideological activist groups sympathetic to far Left political objectives even during the second year of the Reagan Administration. . . .

"In some cases, bureaucrats have helped create the very organizations which they then would fund. In many cases, they have encouraged funded groups to engage in comprehensive organization-building. . . . In certain instances, dollars are directed for the specific purpose of encouraging advocacy. . . . On other occasions, high-profile advocacy groups . . . have been given dollars, which offset the basic overhead costs of such groups, purportedly for the sake of encouraging them to provide employment or education services."

Phillips is the Captain Cook of this subject. He has been sounding the alarm since 1970, when he went to work at the Office of Economic Opportunity and found that the place was a clearinghouse of political grants. Over the years, others have come to share his concern. In its 1980 Transition Report, the Heritage Foundation noted that the poverty agencies "are principally devoted to financing full-time corps of ideologues. . . . $1.3 billion may be only a small fraction of the total budget, but it can and has sustained the power and credibility of thousands of full-time self-styled representatives of poor people, minorities, consumers . . ."

Phillips offers possible remedies—payment by contracts, with specific terms, rather than grants; fuller accounting, by grantees, of where the money goes and to whom; expanding the Freedom of Information Act to cover recipients of federal largesse. He notes that David Stockman has issued a memo calling for a tighter ship, but argues that it does not go far enough.

The problem goes to the roots of democratic government. Government programs which subsidize partisan agitprop, regardless of who wins the elections, are not democratic programs. Phillips's complaint deserves the attention of the Administration.

You Were Warned

You'd better watch out! Somebody sly
Boarded a plane the end of July.
  Mrs. Gandhi's coming to town.
She's checking her list; loading her dice.
What the girl wants is naughty, not nice.
  Mrs. Gandhi's coming to town.
Every guy in Foggy Bottom
  Will get the third degree.
She's a terror with a tweezers and
  She can swing a snickersnee.
No, rummy-tum toys ain't what she's got.
(Think of a witch who circles a pot.)
  Mrs. Gandhi's coming to town.

W. H. VON DREELE

Voiceless, Again

For the third time during Mr. Reagan's Administration, the Voice of America is temporarily without a director. John Hughes, after five months on the job, has been picked by George Shultz to be Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs. Hughes, a Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter and a former editor of the *Christian Science Monitor*, presided over what was essentially a holding operation. James Conkling, his predecessor, presided over a disaster (see "The Soft Voice of America," *NR*, April 30). The sad fact is that for a year and a half the potential of the Voice has been all but unused by the Reagan Administration.

"Why," asked Phil Nicolaides during his brief tenure at the Voice, "do we ask the taxpayer to subsidize a global radio network? The justification for such an enterprise diminishes to the degree that we live in a world of friendly nations posing no threat to us. . . . We have, in fact, been in a state of 'protracted conflict' with the Soviet Empire since the end of World War II. To put it quite bluntly, the [Voice] is justified because it is (or should be) the primary psychological arm in a global struggle against a powerful, determined, implacable foe."

Those sentiments, embodied in a memo, then splashed over the *Washington Post*, cost Nicolaides his job. Yet surely the argument is correct? We all agree, with the exception of pacifists and fellow travelers, that the United States must be defended; and

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we *all* agree, from Ronald Reagan to Jonathan Schell, that atomic bombs are not the weapons of choice. What then do we use, on a day-to-day basis? President Reagan, with his pipeline decision, gave one answer: trade. America's radios—the Voice, Radio Liberty, Radio Free Europe—is another obvious answer.

The question of objectivity is a non-issue. The case for America, and against those who are hostile to it, is not arcane or paradoxical. The truth will suffice. But the case does have to be made. The Administration should think long and hard about this one.

Japan's Little Bit

The contemplated increases in Japan's military outlays—soon to be considered by the Diet, now that differences between Japan's treasury and its defense planners have been resolved—will run from 6.5 to 8 per cent calculated against a distinctly modest base. Even with the five-year program to bolster sea and air defenses at full swing, that country's pertinent expenditures will approximate only 1 per cent of Gross National Product.

In essence, Japan will continue to stand aside from strategic considerations as far ahead as one can now project. Its perspective on defense matters will be confined to the contingencies of protecting the peripheries of the home base. The tasks of maintaining a global strategic balance will be left to others—meaning principally the United States. As the Japanese still see the matter, basically their nation's attempt at a strategic role with the advent of modernity was a colossal misadventure. Strategically, Japan remains abashed, with the lessons of total defeat learned all too well. Within the limits of the military role Japan is willing to essay, the prospective increments of combat planes, anti-submarine aircraft, submarines, minesweepers, and other items of sophisticated paraphernalia are significant, but Japan's contribution to its own security remains disproportionate to its resources and its stake in the future.

Say Again?

Our old friend and contributor Dale Vree has made a number of provocative remarks lately, defining a kind of Christian rightist position that rejects the political Right. Put briefly, he contends that neither the Republican Party nor the cause of anti-Communism deserves Christian support.

His position strikes us as somewhat angelistic. The Republican Party is, to be sure, no constant friend of Christian values, particularly those centering on the family. But Vree's colleague at the *National Catholic Register*, James Hitchcock, makes the pertinent point: the Democratic Party has made the welfare state a package deal in social engineering that includes such destructive purposes as publicly funded abortion. A conservative Republican Administration therefore "serves the interests of the pro-family movement simply by inertia, whether or not it intends to."

Vree similarly endorses the neutralism of Karl Barth, on the grounds that the Church in the West is "under the threat of spiritual indolence," whereas "the powerful reminder . . . has come to us from the Polish Pope that Communism has an ironic way of invigorating the Churches." Is this to Communism's credit? If evil must come, woe to him by whom it comes. The Christian's duty is to oppose it. If Christians in the West have failed, it is in the weakness and perhaps the mode of their opposition to a political order that persecutes their brethren.

Surely it is ungrateful to deny that a society, however imperfect, that tolerates and protects Christian worship is preferable to one that makes war on it? The issue is not the personal righteousness of free people, but the quality and value of freedom itself. This is not an issue on which it is virtuous to withhold one's vote, and the increasing complexity of the distinctions we must make is no reason to refuse to see basic differences, or to exchange a qualified loyalty for outright disaffection.

Notes & Asides

■ Mr. Buckley,

Your recent column "On Argentine Colonialism" is the most inane, stupid, and unintelligent piece of writing that I have read in some time. You have outdone yourself once again.

I was not aware that Mexico made any claim to Texas. Of course, you look half asleep, sound like you are half asleep, and perhaps you became aware of this "claim" while in a dreamlike state.

Anglomania is a disease of the unread, unintelligent, uninformed, and unaware. Anyone who can read and who has read even a little history can not but loathe and hate everything English. It is apparent that you are as confused as you sound.

Perhaps you should see some sort of doctor. You may be suffering from a chemical imbalance or some chemical insufficiency. I do not wish to be unkind but I really do feel sorry for you and I must say I am ashamed that you are an American. You represent everything that is un-American and anti-American.

Yours,
Patrick McVeigh
Floral Park, N.Y.

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Oh, come on, McVeigh. Are we also supposed to hate the English language? On the other hand, you obviously do. Cordially, WFB

■ Memo to: Bill
From: Priscilla

Did you see attached?

[Excerpt] *East Lansing* [Michigan] *State News*. "The View from the Ivory Tower," by Kirk Greenway:

". . .There are all kinds of terms I could throw at you. Perhaps, it might be great to be a second William Buckley—using big words, making believe that I had high-minded, superior ideas. Maybe the real Buckley—the one behind the New England-Yale-preppy mask—has ideas that we would find interesting. But he's hidden from you and I within his own ivory tower—the kind of beautiful and unreachable 'place' where, I guess, poets usually hide, too. . . ."

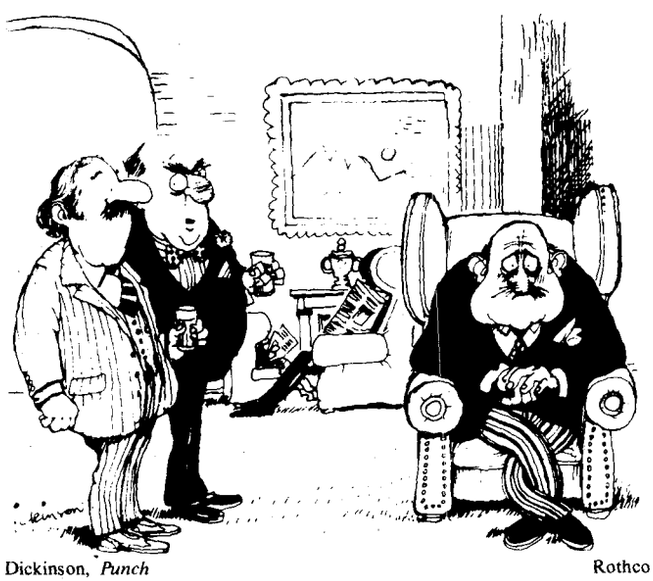
Memo to: Pitts
From: Bill

Thanks for the Greenway, though he puzzles me. I've never, ever, tried to hide anything from he.

■ Miss Mary McGrory
Washington Post
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mary:

I note your words, "He [Reagan] gave no indication of how he did his research. Did Claudette Colbert, his hostess, fill him in? Or was it his fellow guest, the millionaire columnist William F. Buckley Jr.?"



Dickinson, *Punch* Rothco

"He's very worried about who's defending the Cayman Islands."

I write to ask whether your assumption is that millionaire columnists are not capable of doing research? If so, is there a McGrory Corollary, to the effect that the validity of research is in inverse proportion to the wealth of the researcher? If so, would it be as fair for me in writing about you, as it was presumably fair for you to imply about me, that I should ask that you append to any column of yours that required research, some indication of your economic circumstances? And can we assume that Bill Moyers's research is tainted by his income, which I would gladly trade my own income for? Or do we simply assume that Dear Mary simply can't think either straight or honorably when she deals with human misery? And speaking of corollaries, should we assume that medical surgeons who do not weep for the plight of their patients while practicing their profession are hard of heart?

I'd ever so much appreciate an elucidation.

As ever,
Bill

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

There is an irritating mannerism of speech, an affectation of style, used all too frequently these days —so pernicious that it has even found its way into the "On the Right" pages of NATIONAL REVIEW. I have always admired your elegant and expressive use of English, and now that I find even you to be slipping into this style I feel the time has come to launch a protest.

In "The Irreverent Dr. Graham" [*NR*, June 11] you say: ". . . one might excuse a Chamberlain's making flattering references to Adolf Hitler, or a Nixon's praising Mao Tse-tung." *A* Chamberlain? *A* Nixon? How many Chamberlains and Nixons have there been? And of these, how many made flattering references, etc.? (And why not "a Hitler," or "a Mao Tse-tung"?)

I really am surprised to see this from the pen of a William F. Buckley, although if it could be shown that the device was ever used by a Chesterfield or a Chesterton, a Samuel Johnson or a Samuel Clemens, a Wolfe, a Woolf, a Wylie, or a Wilde, a Beerbohm, a Benchley, a Mencken, a Maugham, a Lardner, a Lippmann, an A. P. Herbert, or an F. P. Adams, I would consider retracting my criticism.

Meantime, do you know if this maddening mannerism has a name? Indefinitization, perhaps?

Sincerely,
Jill Clisby
Santa Monica, Calif.

Dear Mrs. Clisby: "A Chamberlain" is here used, obviously, to convey: "someone situated as Chamberlain was situated." It's not called indefinitization. It is called antonomasia. Cordially,

—WFB

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A Simplified Income Tax

Imagine an income tax so simple and straightforward that all you do is add up your income for the year and send a modest percentage of it to Uncle Sam. No deductions. No shelters. No loopholes. The same rate would apply to all, across the board.

The idea of a flat-rate tax has been around for years. Today it's bubbling up afresh in the mounting frustration over budget deficits and the nation's economic troubles, along with public disaffection with the existing tax system.

The flat tax has supporters in both parties and across the political spectrum. Several bills on it have been introduced in Congress. The tax rates being discussed generally range below 25%. The top rate is now 50%.

Advocates see the flat tax as a way to stimulate productive enterprise and steer the economy back on a growth path. The idea is that people would be encouraged to work harder, take greater risks, and invest and save more because they'd be able to keep more of what they earned. No longer would they be taxed at ever-higher rates as their income rose.

In addition, proponents say, there would be more equity in the tax system. All would pay their fair share. Shelters and loopholes would be done away with. Cheating through fraudulent deductions would be eliminated.

In pure form, a flat tax would have no exemptions or deductions. But purity would have to give way to practicality. There should be an element of progressiveness: higher rates for higher income earners.

Most current discussion centers on providing for a base of exempt income. The exemption, for example, could be the first $10,000 of income. With a flat rate of 10%, someone with an income of $20,000 would pay a tax of $1,000. The effective rate would be 5%. A person with $100,000 in income would pay a tax of $9,000, or an effective rate of 9%.

Greater progressivity could be achieved through a tax of two or three tiers. One proposal calls for no tax on income below $17,500, a rate of 18% on incomes from $17,500 to $50,000, and 25% above $50,000.

Numerous options are being discussed. One is to have no income exempted from taxation. Instead, each person would get a $250 tax credit. For a family of four, total credit of $1,000 would be equivalent to an exemption of $10,000, given a 10% rate.

Arriving at a simple flat tax would be anything but simple. State and local governments depend on their ability to issue tax-free bonds. Institutions, organizations, and causes of all sorts need contributions that are now tax-deductible. Homeowners cherish the deductibility of their mortgage interest. All these things would have to be worked out carefully.

A streamlined tax has considerable appeal in its potential for simplicity, fairness, and revenue-raising effectiveness. It's an idea that merits full scrutiny and debate.

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FROM

Washington Straight

JOHN McLAUGHLIN

Dutch in The Clutch

WHEN THE Capitol dome in Washington starts looking like the cover of a pressure cooker, you know that August's fabled heat has arrived. Heat has also arrived for Ronald Wilson Reagan—after 18 months in office, he is in his own political pressure cooker. Three burners are keeping Dutch's pot hot: the economy, midterm elections, and crises abroad.

From January 20, 1981 the U.S. economy has migrated thus: GNP up 0.2 per cent, industrial production down 6.3 per cent, consumer price index up 11.1 per cent, per-capita income up 0.8 per cent, corporate profits down 27.6 per cent, interest rates down 17.5 per cent, retail sales up 1.0 per cent, joblessness up 26.7 per cent.

The current good news is that the GNP is up for the last quarter 1.7 per cent, short-term interest rates on T-bills and large CDs are down from 14 to 11 per cent, Chrysler showed a second-quarter profit of $109 million (the second in a row), inflation is annualized at 5.1 per cent, the Fed shaved the discount rate from 12 to 11.5 per cent, the dollar remains robust, the price of oil has begun to drop again, and the computer/electronics industry is booming.

The big downer of the season is the Dole tax bill, which Ronald Reagan, alas, lobbied hard for. It amounts to $98.6 billion over three years, almost twice the $54.6 billion proposed by the President earlier this year; it is the largest tax increase in the Republic's history—preceded, zanily enough, by the largest tax cut in our history. Conservatives feel betrayed, and have let the President know it in no uncertain terms. Republican executives at Capitol Hill's fundraising depots have given their tempers free rein, promising predictably to kill PAC money and push Democratic challengers against Republican incumbents. "We now have a bill with 108 different revenue provisions," says one corporate Washington rep. "Over five years, it would raise taxes by $228 billion. . . . Four out of five of these tax dollars would come from business."

One sidebar reflection currently making the political rounds here is that in 1932 the tax increase recommended by President Hoover and enacted by a Democratic House and a GOP Senate figured prominently in deepening the Depression. Tax experts fear similar effects from the Dole bill. Senator Dole is saying that "fairness" lay behind the Act as drawn, and that he had to cope with political reality, particularly the fact that ten members of the twenty-man Senate Finance Committee are up for election this year. A broad-based tax was clearly out of the question. So the bill hits hardest two politically agile groups, federal employees (who now have to pay their own Medicare) and corporate execs trying to protect their businesses. (Bob Dole has let it be known that he still hears "Hail to the Chief!" in the middle of the night. But even if he could clear other formidable hurdles, mavens here say, this Frankenstein monster would kill any chance he might have had.)

In sum, the Dole tax bill is wickedly misguided. Withholding taxes on interest and dividends will discourage saving and investment. Secondly, the bill is inflationary in that increased taxes on corporations will get passed through to consumers in the form of higher prices. Third, by increasing taxes, the bill relieves pressure to accomplish the most important goal of all, the cutting of government spending. Finally, from a political perspective, the bill pops two political plums squarely into the laps of the Democrats, who can now blame the Republicans for a huge tax increase during an election year, and can argue that the tax increase is proof positive of the bankruptcy of Reaganomics.

A second source of heat for Ronald Reagan's summer pressure cooker is the upcoming elections. As things stand now, the GOP seems secure in its Senate majority. The House is another story. Eugene Eidenberg, the executive director of the Democratic National Committee, predicts that ten to 15 seats will be gained by the Democrats, which translates to a real loss of twenty to thirty seats by the Republicans. The larger the leakage, the greater the likelihood that opponents will amend or jettison Reagan's policies during the second half of his term.

In foreign policy the U.S./Red China relationship is hemorrhaging because of our clumsily handled (though justified) sale of aircraft to Taiwan. In the Mideast we appear powerless to move the Israelis and the PLO into dialogue which, in the end, must occur, and probably before either the PLO or the Israelis vacate Lebanon. Central America remains a powder keg. Latin America remains resentful over the Falklands. Relations with our NATO allies have gone to pot, thanks to our Siberian pipeline stance and the steel dumping charges.

Ronald Reagan's Presidency remains a one-issue Presidency, and that issue is the economy. He has gotten little mileage out of foreign issues, the European Grand Tour, for example, yielding practically nothing. Confidence in Reaganomics has slipped as compared with last January, polls tell us.

DESPITE the accumulated adversities, the President remains popular. The people have not yet hung the recession on him, nor the foreign-policy drift, nor the flagitious tax increase. His rhetoric about inheriting forty years of Democratic mismanagement has borne fruit. While Mr. Reagan's job rating is down from last year (now at about 45 per cent), he is 22 points higher when rated as a person. Like Eisenhower, Reagan is beloved: genial, reasonable, uncorrupted (has any President ever worn power so lightly?), and wrapped in a cocoon of popular good will. People will blame everyone except Reagan—Congress, Bob Dole, Jimmy Carter, the Federal Reserve, or those spendthrift Democrats. For now.

This period of immunity has about three months more life left in it, probably till late November. Then if interest rates do not noticeably drop, and the economy does not rebound, people will start blaming the President. They will start saying, "He's a great guy. I like him. But he can't cut it." □

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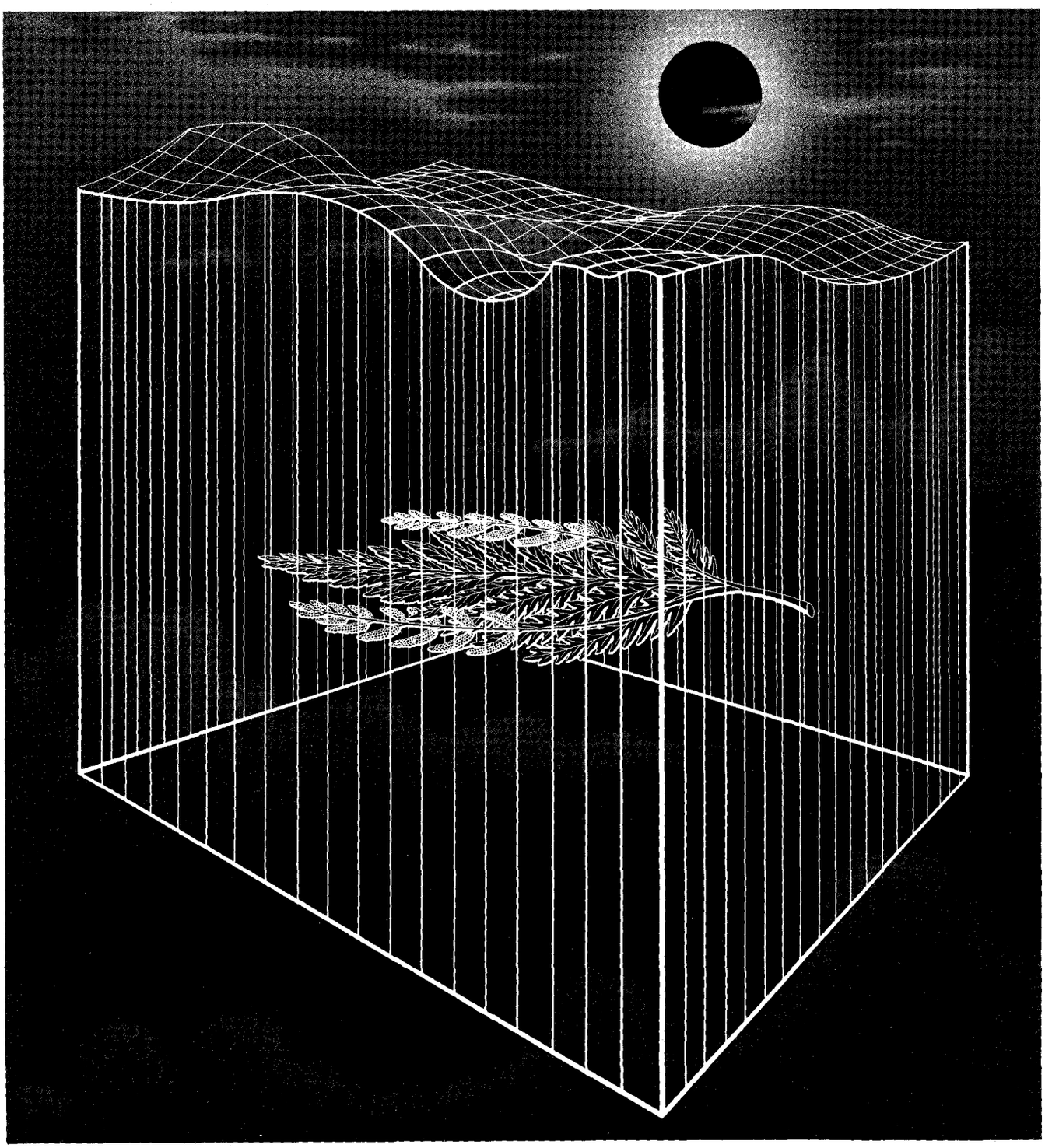

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Coming: Prague's Winter

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

THE PUBLICATION in London of General Jan Sejna's long-awaited book, *We Will Bury You*, prompts some reflections on the role of his native Czechoslovakia in the Soviet empire. It may be recalled that Sejna, who came over to the West in 1968, was and remains the highest-ranking Communist ever to defect. A general at forty, he was Chief of Staff to the Minister of Defense and Assistant Secretary to the powerful Czech Defense Council. The material he brought with him (in the form of the extensive recollections of a very precise and reliable memory) was of the highest importance, but so sensational that professional skeptics in the intelligence community found some of it hard to accept. Yet events have consistently proved him right.

Czechoslovakia (along with East Germany) is the most important and useful of the Soviet Union's European colonies, and both are particularly useful in the secret world of undercover work, including disinformation and clandestine propaganda.

Although this aspect of the question was hardly mentioned at the time of the Prague Spring in 1968, it obviously played a major part in Soviet preoccupations at that time. Ever hopeful and ready to believe the best of Soviet intentions, many of our Western liberals were quite convinced that the hapless Mr. Dubcek would get away with his rapid drift toward party democracy, because he had taken care to proclaim his loyalty to the Warsaw Pact. For my part, the only point at issue was *when* the Soviets would invade. (When poor Dubcek was summoned to Moscow to explain his policy, he was handcuffed and thrown on the floor of a truck. But that is another story.)

The Value of Prague

More specifically, Czechoslovakia was indispensable to the Soviets. Its security service (StB) constituted an extension of the KGB. It is a curious fact that satellite secret services attract less natural suspicion than the Soviet variety.

Moreover, Prague was (and is) the publishing center of the international Communist movement, through the *World Marxist Review*, issued under various titles and in several languages. And one of the most important of the Soviet-controlled international front organizations, the World Federation of Trade Unions (WFTU), has its headquarters in the Czechoslovakian capital. The Soviets were not about to cast away such facilities just because the Czechoslovakian party was going soft and Western intellectuals were euphoric about it.

Today, Prague plays a key role in the great Soviet-sponsored "peace" campaign, quite unsuspected by the vast majority of demonstrators in the United States, West Germany, Britain, Holland, Belgium, and the rest. For instance, the so-called "Peace March" in 1981, from Copenhagen to Paris via Germany and Holland, was directed from Prague. The organizers had gone to Prague six months before the event, to pick up precise instructions. The funding was handled initially by the Czechoslovakian Communist Party, under the direction of Boris Ponomarev's International Department of the Soviet Communist Party (CPSU). From Prague, the money went to the West German party (DKP), to the German Young Socialists (called Jusos), and to the French Communist Party.

In March of this year (if, as I believe, my information is correct), mass organizations in Czechoslovakia received detailed instructions from the USSR to make atomic power stations and Western "peace" movements their main targets for propaganda and action.

This summer, thousands of West European youths are vacationing, all expenses paid, in hostels and hotels in Czechoslovakian beauty spots. No point looking for Communists among them: on this point, instructions were precise —no Communists, only Socialists and *Protestants* (penetration of Western churches has long been a prime objective of Communist strategists).

So important is Czechoslovakia to the Soviets that over the past few years they have embarked, initially in secret, on a systematic attempt to Russify and Sovietize the country so thoroughly that it can be incorporated into the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Even the pliant Gustav Husak, who succeeded Dubcek as Party boss in Prague, jibbed at this proposed annexation by stealth—until Brezhnev, at a Black Sea meeting in July 1977, bullied the objections out of him.

I have on occasion in this column recommended reading the "Brezhnev" Soviet Constitution of 1977, now in force—not for pleasure, you understand, but for a clearer grasp of the fate in store for independent republics once "Socialism" has come to them, courtesy of the Soviet Union. Article 73 is the relevant one: it provides for the addition of new Soviet Socialist Republics when conditions are ripe and right.

A CSSR Next?

So, over the past four years or so, a number of mixed commissions have been sitting quietly, drafting changes in the labor laws, in the transportation system, in the Czechoslovakian language, in juridical procedures, even in army uniforms, so that in time the Czechoslovakian people will hardly notice that their country has lost the last shreds of its sovereignty. The gradual change in army uniforms is particularly diabolical, for at the crucial time Czechoslovakia would find itself occupied by Soviet troops, under the impression that they were Czechoslovakian.

Latterly, a number of small but significant changes have furthered this inexorable process. For example, Sokol Street in Prague, named after the national physical-education organization established in the nineteenth century, has been renamed Nizhni Tagilsk Street, after a place-name in the Ural mountains. Passports are being changed to resemble Soviet passports, and half of the Czechoslovakian army conscripts from next year on will serve one or two years in the Soviet Union.

Under the energetic leadership of Dr. Jiri Kotas, who defected from Czechoslovakia because he knew what was going on, Czechoslovakian exiles are rallying around the Czechoslovak Federal Council, with headquarters in Ottawa. It is good that the national spirit of peoples crushed under Soviet imperial domination should be kept alive in this way, at a time when the Soviet empire itself is under increasing strain. □

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Here's how to get the newest Buckley best-seller for just $1.95 (You save $12.00!)

We're talking about *Marco Polo, If You Can,* Bill Buckley's very latest spy-thriller (starring Blackford Oakes). Critics say it's the best of all — it was designated a Main Selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club and hit the best-seller lists immediately after publication.

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The plot is Buckley's most intricate and suspenseful yet, and the colorful characters most convincing. What WFB does here is re-tell the famous "U-2" spy-plane affair in such fashion that you'll start wondering whether what you heard about it wasn't fiction and what you get in this book isn't the *real* story. It's a delightful blend of politics, humor, suspense, and espionage that will grip you from the moment you open the book. Even if you haven't read any of the others, you'll want to have *this* one.

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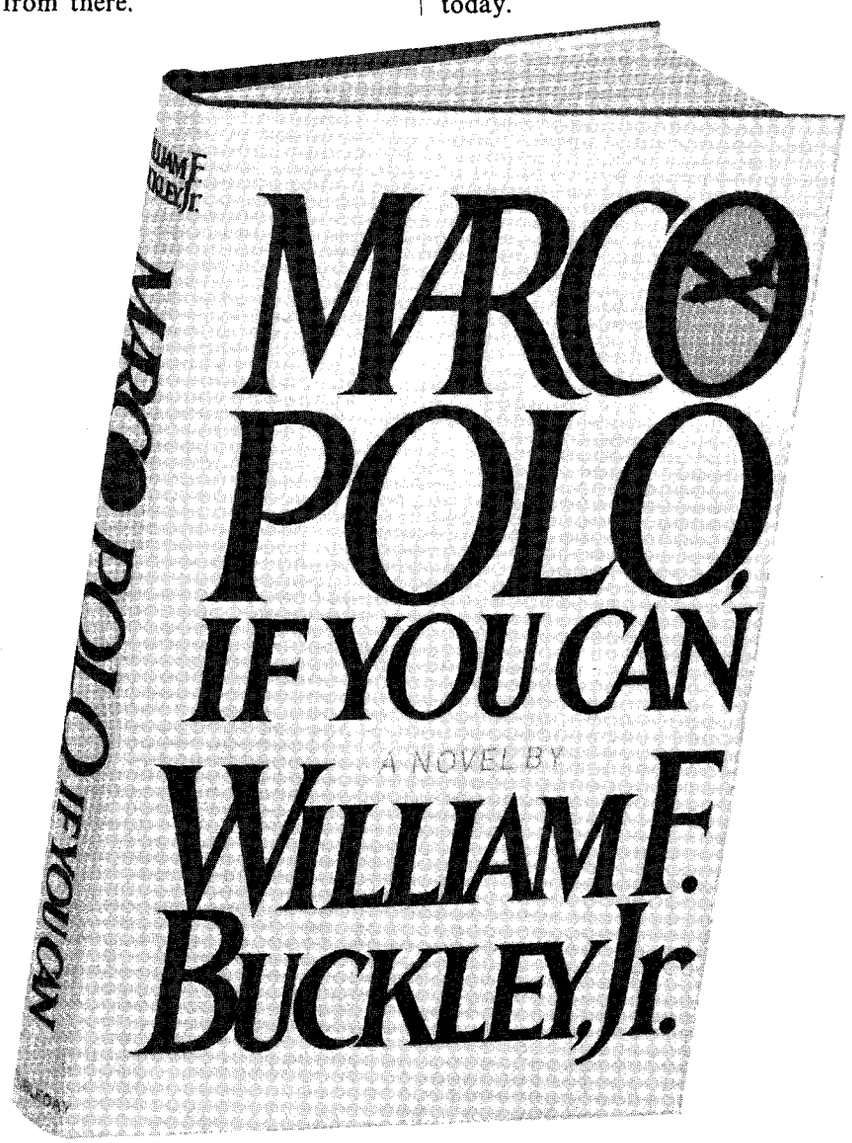

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THE TERMS OF PRODUCTION

Making Money

TOM BETHELL

COUNTERFEITING is very properly illegal in the United States. We object to it not so much because it enriches the counterfeiter as because it impoverishes everyone else, by devaluing the money that we hold. But there is one grand exception to the law against counterfeiting, and it is granted to the United States Government itself. Here I am not referring to the much-maligned Bureau of Engraving & Printing, which is so often accused of churning out "printing-press money." (In fact it quite harmlessly prints dollar bills to the extent that they are demanded by you and me, and to the extent that old ones wear out.) Rather I have in mind some more obscure, and perfectly legal, operations conducted by the open-market trading "desk" of the Federal Reserve Bank in New York.

In order to understand these operations we must first go back a bit. We all know that there is something called the budget deficit. But the government does not operate "in the red," as some imagine. In order to meet its obligations, the government sells pieces of paper called bonds, or government securities. To those who are in no hurry to go shopping, these bonds are actually better than money because the government also pays you a solidly reliable stream of interest for holding them (currently about 12 per cent for short-term bonds).

The Tricky Part

So far all's clear, then. Individuals, banks, and financial institutions hold these interest-bearing pieces of paper, and the government in turn receives just enough money to balance its books. Now comes the tricky part. The Federal Reserve has the authority to buy back these bonds from you, me, banks, and institutions. Where does it get the money to do so? It creates it out of thin air, or, if you prefer, out of electrical impulses in Federal Reserve computers. This brand-new, computer-originated money in turn leads to inflation—the devaluation of the entire stock of money that previously existed.

The procedure I have described is sometimes called "monetizing the debt." The back-and-forth with bonds—the government first selling them, then buying them back again—seems almost designed to disguise the extent to which the government creates by fiat the money that it needs to pay off its obligations.

The precise extent to which the Fed *does* monetize debt is disclosed every Friday afternoon in a Federal Reserve Board press release. These so-called "money-supply" numbers are then published in the *New York Times* on Saturday, and in the *Wall Street Journal* on Monday. (The *Washington Post* publishes only a truncated version, and I think most other papers in the country don't publish them at all.)

Curiously enough, journalists who write about such matters pay no attention at all to the Fed's debt-monetizing activities, and inordinate attention to M1, the least interesting number in the press release. M1 is simply the summation of everyone's checking account and all the currency in circulation. But since Mr. Paul Volcker and his colleagues have no control over the number of dollar bills you choose to hold, nor over the amount you prefer to keep in checking, M1 tells us nothing about the actual operations of the Fed in the previous week.

But look lower down in the published "Federal Reserve Data," and you will see (in the *New York Times* format) a line called "Federal Reserve Credit Outstanding." This is where the action is. Here are the figures (in millions of dollars) as released on July 16: "Gov'ts and Agencies [i.e., government securities] Held Outright: Latest Week: 140,-201; Previous Week: 138,099; Year Ago: 129,318." This tells us that in the previous week the trading desk of the Fed "bought" (with money it did not until that moment possess) over $2 billion worth of previously outstanding government debt. (In the past year it has likewise bought nearly $11 billion of this debt.)

Not surprising, then, that this same week in July saw an appreciable rise in the gold price—this being the most sensitive early-warning indicator of inflation. By making more money out of nothing, the Fed threatened to devalue everyone's money. So some holders of this degradable commodity prudently decided to exchange it for gold, which the government has not yet learned to manufacture.

Moreover, the Fed's money-making activities would in the fullness of time be fruitful and multiply. Like popcorn, which pops and expands in the popcorn machine, Fed-made money (sometimes called "high-powered money") directly adds to bank reserves, and then multiplies throughout the economy as a result of the fractional reserve banking system (meaning that banks can lend a multiple of their reserves).

How Can They Know?

Of course, the U.S. population is growing. So there probably is a growing demand for money which can safely be accommodated without igniting inflation. And it may be that the $11 billion of government securities bought in the last year is not excessive. But the point is that no one, including Paul Volcker, knows for sure whether it is too little or too much. Expert opinion is arrayed on both sides of the question.

I said earlier that the Bureau of Engraving & Printing simply accommodates the *demand* for currency, printing the quantities that we prefer to hold. That is precisely what the Federal Reserve does not do. It *supplies* new money to the banking system in advance of any known demand for it, in the process disorienting that demand. I mean, when people see that the Fed is on a money-making binge (this is apt to happen when elections approach) they are likely to take defensive action by exchanging money for things—historically gold. So the demand for money declines. And that may well present an insuperable obstacle to the monetarist theory—the idea that the quantity of money needed in an economy can reliably be regarded as the existing quantity, plus a little bit more every week. □

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THE BALANCED-BUDGET BOYS

The Constitution To the Rescue

DONALD LAMBRO

LEWIS UHLER remembers the meeting at the Century Plaza Hotel in Los Angeles in December of 1972, when he and then-Governor Ronald Reagan first brought together a group of noted academics to discuss the idea of a spending-limitation amendment to the California constitution. Uhler, a Yale-educated attorney and successful real-estate developer who had served Governor Reagan in various administrative posts, was chairman of the Governor's Tax Reduction Task Force, set up to explore ways that the growth of government could be permanently controlled. To that end, Uhler brought Reagan together with "the best free-market minds that I could find"—a star-studded group of intellectual luminaries that included Milton Friedman, Martin Anderson, and Norman Ture, among others.

"The Governor came in in the afternoon and we debated a variety of ideas," Uhler recalls. "From that meeting I prepared a lengthy memorandum that laid the whole thing out, the politics as well as the economics, which he [Reagan] read over the Christmas holidays." During the next month, Uhler, Reagan, and members of the task force were to spend "26 hours in deep discussion and debate on these issues." Out of those meetings came the "Proposition One" spending-limitation amendment to the state's constitution. Reagan campaigned vigorously for the proposal but it was voted down in a statewide referendum in the fall of 1973. It was a bitter personal defeat for Reagan, but in many ways it also marked the beginning of a tax-revolt movement that was to spread across the land and lead, eventually, to the spending-limitation amendment to the United States Constitution that is now pending in Congress.

Convinced that "this was an issue whose time had come," Uhler returned to the private sector and began barnstorming the country to promote the idea among the states. His belief that the time was ripe for applying the spending-limitation idea to state government was actually reinforced in the midst of Reagan's losing campaign for Proposition One. In September of 1973 he received an invitation to meet with the majority leader of the Arizona Senate to talk about devising a similar amendment for that state. Uhler's meeting with Sandra Day O'Connor, who was to become the first woman on the Supreme Court, and other leaders of the Arizona legislature led to the drafting of an amendment which state lawmakers adopted, although it lost in a referendum the following year by 1 per cent of the vote.

It wasn't until 1975, however, that Uhler concluded that enough support existed at the grassroots level to warrant the establishment of a national organization. With the help of supporters such as Milton Friedman, M. Stanton Evans, and William Rickenbacker, who served as its first chairman, Uhler created the National Tax-Limitation Committee (NTLC). Its purpose: to lobby for the enactment of constitutional spending-limitation amendments at the state and federal levels. While Uhler believed strongly in the need to amend the U.S. Constitution to limit spending, he was convinced that "we had to first demonstrate the political attractiveness of this [among the states] before we could get a decent hearing at the federal level."

And demonstrate it they did. Spearheaded by the National Taxpayers Union (NTU), headed by the youthful and articulate James Dale Davidson, and Uhler's fledgling group, among others, the tax-limitation movement began attracting disciples and racking up impressive victories. First came Tennessee in March of 1978, then, in rapid-fire succession, Arizona, Hawaii, Michigan, Texas, California, and Missouri. In all, nine states have adopted concepts of spending limitation in their statutes or their constitutions, clearly establishing that there is broad support for a major constitutional initiative at the federal level.

A Long-Simmering Brew

Actually, the idea of a spending-limitation amendment to the Constitution had been percolating in Washington for many years. Indeed, over the past half-century there have been numerous proposals to balance the federal budget. Senator Millard Tydings of Maryland proposed a resolution in 1935 that would have prohibited spending from surpassing revenues, unless taxes were raised or the debt extended. In 1936, Minnesota Representative Harold Knutson offered the first balanced-budget amendment, which would have set a per-capita limit on the national debt. Other amendments

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followed during the 1950s and 1960s, but Congress failed to act on any of them.

Modern leaders of the movement credit Representative Jack Kemp of New York with being the first lawmaker to introduce their version of a spending-limitation amendment: his 1973 proposal, patterned after California's defeated Proposition One, sought to limit federal outlays and revenues to a percentage of the nation's income. (Kemp, however, is not a supporter of the balanced-budget amendment currently under consideration in Congress.)

With the unexpected success in 1978 of California's Proposition 13, which dealt only with local taxes, followed in 1979 by the approval of Proposition Four, a look-alike of Proposition One, the tax-revolt movement was moving into high gear. By July of 1978 Uhler had formed the Federal Amendment Drafting Committee, bringing together many of the same economists and public-policy experts who had served on Reagan's first task force, but adding other academics such as Robert Bork and Paul McCracken. After more than seven months of meetings, memorandums, and drafting sessions, the NTLC had an amendment ready to sell in Washington. By April of 1979, Senators John Heinz of Pennsylvania and Richard Stone of Florida had introduced their own proposal based upon the NTLC model. Representatives Barber Conable of New York and Ed Jenkins of Georgia followed suit in the House shortly thereafter.

Yet, despite the growing visibility of the tax revolt—further evidenced by the increasing number of states that were petitioning Congress to call a constitutional convention to draft a balanced-budget amendment—the movement's proposals were never seriously considered in the Democratically controlled Congress. Indeed, the Senate Judiciary Committee, then chaired by Senator Edward M. Kennedy, killed a proposed amendment by a vote of 9 to 8 in March of 1980.

Reagan's election and the GOP takeover of the Senate in the fall of 1980 changed all that. The GOP-controlled Judiciary Committee voted out a balanced-budget amendment on May 19, 1981, by a tally of 11 to 5. Only Senators Mathias, a Republican, and Biden, Kennedy, Leahy, and Baucus, all Democrats, opposed it.

Many Cooks; Unspoiled Broth

Milton Friedman says the amendment "is more sophisticated than it appears on the surface." Maybe so. But it is also, despite the many hands that went into its drafting, a model of clarity and common sense.

Its first section says merely that the government's "total outlays" cannot exceed its revenues unless three-fifths of both Houses of Congress vote otherwise. Playing upon the traditional rivalry between the legislative and executive branches, the amendment gives both "Congress and the President" the responsibility of ensuring that outlays do not exceed the amount set prior to the beginning of each fiscal year.

The second section—the tax-limitation feature—declares that total tax receipts "shall not increase by a rate greater than the rate of increase in national income" in the previous year, unless a majority of each House specifically votes to raise taxes. The provisions may be waived only in the event of a declaration of war.

The amendment now pending before Congress is the product of many people and many organizations, including Uhler's NTLC, Davidson's NTU, Senator Orrin Hatch of Utah, who chairs the Constitution Subcommittee of the Judiciary Committee, and Conable in the House, among many others. In the end, however, the amendment was hammered out through major compromises by the champions of the various different approaches.

"We compromised with Hatch by putting the balanced budget [provision] into it," Conable says, "but we still preserved the expenditure-limitation part so you couldn't balance the budget by raising taxes.

"What we wound up with was an increased presumption in favor of fiscal discipline, but not a guarantee of a balanced budget," the veteran GOP congressman observes. "Now, some people say it's bad for that reason; that we ought to have a guarantee of a balanced budget. But in fact many of us don't want to create a fiscal straitjacket. We want to create a presumption in favor of greater [spending] discipline."

The committee report accompanying the current Senate amendment encapsulates the very essence of the amendment when it says that its purpose is "to reduce the spending bias in our present system—the unlimited availability of deficit spending and the access to automatic tax increases." The amendment's chief purpose, the report stresses, "is to ensure that,

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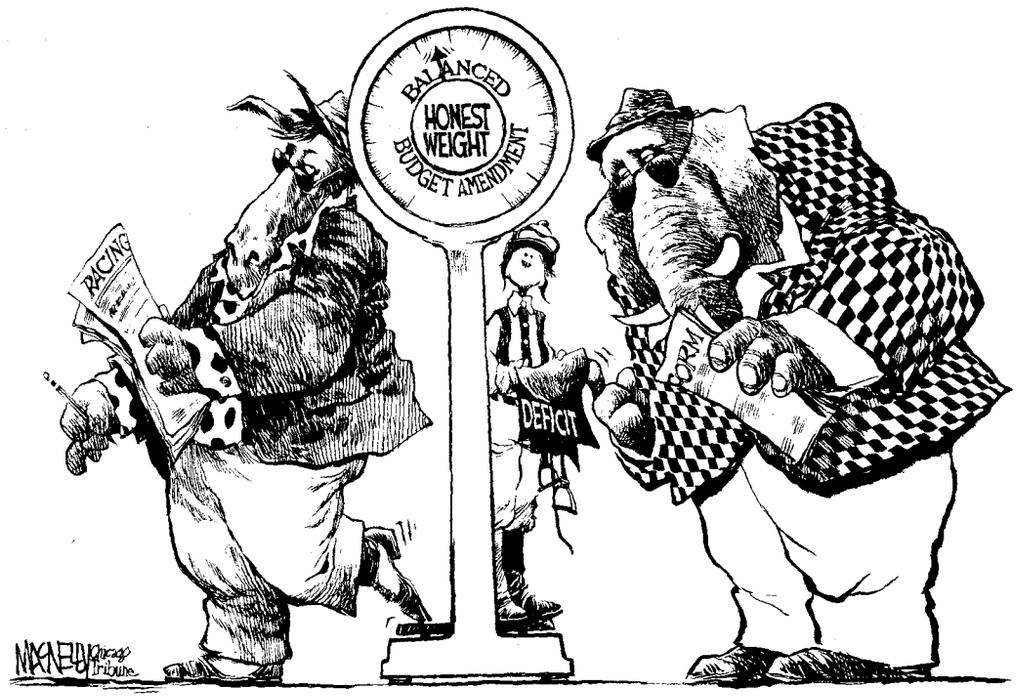
under normal circumstances, votes by Congress for increased spending will be accompanied either by votes a) to reduce other spending programs, or b) to increase taxes to pay for programs." Thus, its supporters argue, "For the first time, Congress will be required to cast a politically difficult vote as a precondition for a politically attractive vote to increase spending."



The irony is that much of the attractiveness of the present amendment is due to what are known as Ronald Reagan's deficits (although it is unfair to blame those deficits on Reagan, since they are really the result of the undisciplined appetites of our congressmen and the special interests they serve). It is largely because of these swollen deficits that many legislators are ready to embrace almost anything that bears even the slightest resemblance to fiscal responsibility. The prospect of voting for a $100-billion deficit and a gross national debt of $1.2 trillion is a heavy political burden to carry in an election year. Lo and behold, what should come along at this time but a "balanced-budget amendment" to the Constitution. Supporters think the timing "couldn't be better."

This is why David Broder thinks that Reagan's "biggest gift to the [amendment] movement is his failure to control deficits." The NTU's James Davidson agrees: "Ronald Reagan has demonstrated to a lot of skeptics that the budget process really is out of control."

Thus, the balanced-budget amendment—the sleeper of the 97th Congress—has been propelled to the brink of congressional approval principally because of the current budget morass. "There isn't the slightest doubt that the current budget confusion is aiding our cause," says Uhler. "In the best case they will be approving a deficit of enormous proportions. So there is nothing else they can vote on that would be sending any kind of signal to their constituents of their commitment to fiscal responsibility.

"Furthermore," he adds, "it has become more and more clear to a lot of sitting members that statutory disciplines do not work, have not worked, and will not work. The system is out of balance. That's really what this thing is all about. We've had the evolution of a fiscal process that is totally out of control."

Reagan's Role

Although he was in on the spending-limitation movement from the beginning, Reagan, until recently, avoided any specific endorsement of the current amendment on the advice of his aides, particularly Budget Director David Stockman, who feared the measure was too rigid to deal with unforeseeable economic emergencies. Although he had endorsed the concept in his campaign, Reagan resisted supporting the pending proposal until early this May—more than a year after it was reported out of committee.

Reagan's rather tardy decision was a politically strategic move in large part dictated by the huge deficits that now confront his Administration. A White House memorandum circulated among senior presidential aides shortly before Reagan's public endorsement provided further evidence of how a messy budget situation has helped to push the amendment to the forefront of political action: "Caught as we are, proposing a deficit which demoralizes our strongest supporters, we have one good way out," the memo suggests. "The President, who is a notorious foe of deficits, could almost totally reclaim the initiative by committing all the political resources of the Administration in support of the balanced-budget, tax-limitation constitutional amendment.

"At one stroke," the memorandum continues, "we would restore the fighting vigor of our core supporters and steal from our opponents the major issue on which they are making headway against us. Liberal Democrats who have been decrying the deficits would face an insoluble problem. Most of the pain of the 1983 deficit would ease. The market would surely rally. The effect on long-term interest rates would probably be dramatic."

At the same time, the memo observes, ratification by three-fourths of the states "would likely be some time down the road, thus buying us time to cope with the bulge in social spending that we inherited from previous Administrations.

"Most important, though, would be the impact of this move on the 1982 elections. It would restore intact in 1982 the 1980 Reagan winning coalition."

Reagan subsequently dropped his neutrality on the amendment and Stockman quickly fell into line, telling a House Judiciary subcommittee on May 20 that the amendment is necessary to deal with "the fundamental problem of fiscal breakdown."

(Continues on page 1044)

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GOLD AS A YARDSTICK

Stop the Deflation

ALAN REYNOLDS

A CHAIN OF discount stores has a going-out-of-business sale. A manufacturer declares bankruptcy and unloads its inventory of metals to the highest bidder. Homeowners discover that they cannot afford the payments, as three-year balloon mortgages have to be refinanced at 18 per cent, so they sell their homes at a loss. When government statisticians add it all up, this looks like a welcome reduction in inflation. But it may be either an ephemeral cyclical illusion or a symptom of serious economic decay.

There is a world of difference between selling what we have at lower prices and producing more at stable prices. As the economy contracts, some measures of inflation may start to look good owing to the liquidation of assets and inventories. But this is not making it any easier to expand production and employment at stable prices. Bargains at a bankrupt store cannot be repeated once the doors are nailed shut. Falling prices are not a sign of stability.

Prices of industrial commodities fell every month from last August through this June, by about 21 per cent. Food prices recently recovered some of last year's decline, but other producer prices fell every month from February through May. Consumer prices of nondurables have also been falling.

Some Ugly Parallels

Nervous people may begin to draw some ugly parallels. Dollar prices of nonprecious metals fell 8.4 per cent in 1930 and 8.3 per cent in 1931. Last year they fell 13.6 per cent, according to IMF data. Food prices fell 9.4 per cent in 1930, 13.9 per cent last year. The shrinking of world trade, weakening of once-proud currencies, a rising share of national income devoted to net interest, farm parity below 60 per cent, over five hundred U.S. business bankruptcies a week—these were the other misunderstood warning signs in the early 1930s, repeated today.

Some decline in relative prices, particularly prices of inflation "hedges," was probably inevitable if inflation was to be stopped. But a prolonged, broad-based, and deep decline in many prices is more than a "wringing out" of past excesses. Liquidating existing stocks of commodities and assets at falling prices has squeezed profit margins of producers of primary products. Now, some cyclical recovery in commodity prices is perhaps equally inevitable, since many of these prices have fallen below marginal cost. (No recovery has ever begun with falling commodity prices, which is why they are a leading indicator.) And it is true that the situation stabilized in July—but by accident rather than by design, leaving the future uncertain.

The cost of living is not simply a matter of this month's prices, but also the cost of providing for the future. And the real value of lifetime savings—whether invested in stocks, bonds, or real estate—is rapidly shrinking. This means a larger share of future earnings will be needed to maintain the same standard of living. The cost of living tomorrow has gone up, even as measured inflation today may have gone down.

Interest rates are themselves a major part of the cost of living. Staggering interest rates undoubtedly depress the prices of houses and cars, but nonetheless raise the total cost of owning a new house or car. If mortgage rates simply stay at today's brutal level, however, the misleading consumer price index records that as a zero increase in that part of inflation.

Taxes are part of the cost of living too, so nothing would be accomplished by solving the government's financial problem at the expense of the rest of us. If more taxes could somehow be bled from the anemic economy, government might borrow less, but the private economy would have to borrow that much more. The government's budget is out of balance for the same reason that the budgets of many firms and households are out of balance—namely, the formidable interest burden. Deficits are mainly a symptom of monetary instability, not the cause of it.

A few years ago, short-term interest rates were often below the inflation rate. That provided a perverse incentive to borrow before prices went up, to speculate and hedge, to invest in inflation: borrow at 12 per cent, deduct the interest from taxes, and buy something whose price was going up at a 15 per cent clip. The process clearly kept inflation rolling.

If real interest rates can be too low, does it not follow that they can also be too high? In that case all the earlier symptoms would be reversed. Instead of borrowing to buy, say, houses or commodities, people would be selling everything they own to avoid borrowing. Just as a low real interest rate once exploited lenders and fueled inflation, a high real rate bankrupts borrowers and feeds a spiraling deflation. A stable and predictable monetary unit, by contrast, would eliminate such capricious windfall gains and losses among lenders and borrowers. It would make long-term financing feasible again by anchoring contracts in honest money.

It is not necessarily irrational to expect inflation ahead while experiencing deflation now. Wholesale prices fell by 25 per cent from 1930 to 1932, for example, then rose by 31 per cent from 1933 to 1937. The recent deflation in many sectors of the economy holds short-term interest rates up, because of an intense scramble for new loans to make interest payments and a related high risk of default to the lenders. Meanwhile, the fear that policy will later veer toward an inflationary reaction, together with the lucrative rates in the money market, keeps long-term interest rates high as well. The shortage and high cost of long-term financing, in turn, keeps the entire dollar economy, world-wide, precariously dependent on short-term debt. The rising cost of that debt swallows earnings, shrinks the tax base—and thus perpetuates the debt dependency.

The way out of this debt trap, for the U.S. Government and the global economy, is to ensure stability in the purchasing power of the dollar, now and in the distant future. This involves radically de-emphasizing roundabout targets, like M1, and focusing monetary tools

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directly on price stability. If sensitive commodity prices are falling, money is too scarce; if those prices start to rise, as they have since late June, it may soon be time to tighten. This is a "price rule" for monetary policy.

In principle, any prompt index of commodity prices could serve for short-term stability, but the price of gold is better for long-term confidence because it points toward restoring convertibility of dollars into gold. Adding a dozen other commodities may sound more scientific, but is likely to be more arbitrary. Most other commodities are more subject to random disturbances than gold, less sensitive to financial pressures.

Limit Extreme Swings

Gold is the best known measure of both current and future value, and is a highly sensitive barometer of monetary excess or inadequacy. The stability of gold has often been judged against a narrow list of wholesale commodity prices, and found to be far greater than that of an inconvertible dollar. But it is the other commodity prices that were usually variable under a gold standard—especially wheat—not gold itself, nor the gold-convertible dollar.

To arrest the precipitous decline in prices of commodities, land, and assets, the Treasury could buy gold, or the Federal Reserve could buy bonds, if the price of gold fell toward, say, $300. Either way, of course, the money supply goes up. Is that inflationary? Not if there is a parallel plan to do the opposite if the gold price gets too high. A commitment to sell gold or bonds when the gold price approached, say, $400 would put a lid on future inflation. Within that range, the Fed could pursue the elusive measures of money or anything else, so long as it honored the commitment to limit extreme swings in the price of gold, thus moderating prices in general.

Adding a gold price rule with broad limits simply provides insurance and predictability. There is no chance at all that a significant inflation could occur without a rising price of gold, nor that a significant deflation could snowball without gold prices leading the way down. Stabilize gold and the value of money will be stable.

The upper and lower limits on the gold price could be gradually adjusted, if necessary, to find a sustainable balance. Eventually, the gap between buying and selling prices should be narrowed toward zero, making it possible to define the dollar legally as a specific weight of gold. This is the meaning of a gold "standard"—defining the dollar, just as the yardstick is defined. The Treasury and Federal Reserve would then stand ready to convert dollars for gold at a fixed price, and vice versa, within whatever limits are considered practical. But what is the right price? It is that price at which there is no visible tendency toward either inflation or deflation. And what happens if convertibility ever has to be suspended? Then the nation would be back on exactly the same chaotic nonsystem that is used today, but only temporarily.

Trying to limit price instability indirectly, by controlling some arbitrary measure of money, is an idea whose time has passed. No such plan can inspire confidence in a world of money-market funds, sweep accounts, overnight Eurodollars, and checks drawn against lines of credit or certificates of deposit. If the nation and the world are to avoid alternating between periods of inflation and deflation, it will be absolutely essential to focus monetary policy on its single attainable objective—stability of purchasing power, now and in the future.

Tying monetary policy to *results*—by stabilizing commodity prices—minimizes deflation's domino effect of bankruptcies. It also minimizes the chance of future inflation. Reducing those risks can bring interest rates back down toward their normal level (before the U.S. discarded the gold standard) of 3 to 5 per cent. The resulting economic expansion would ease world tensions and push even the U.S. Government's budget into surplus. □

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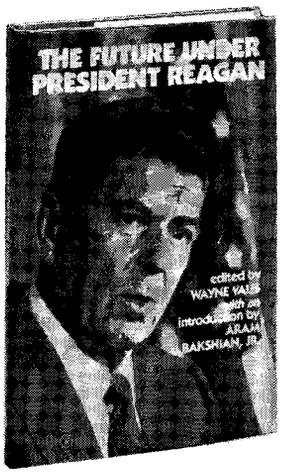

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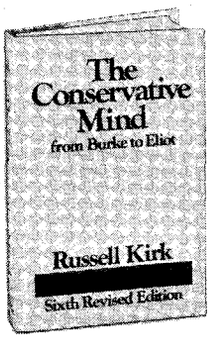

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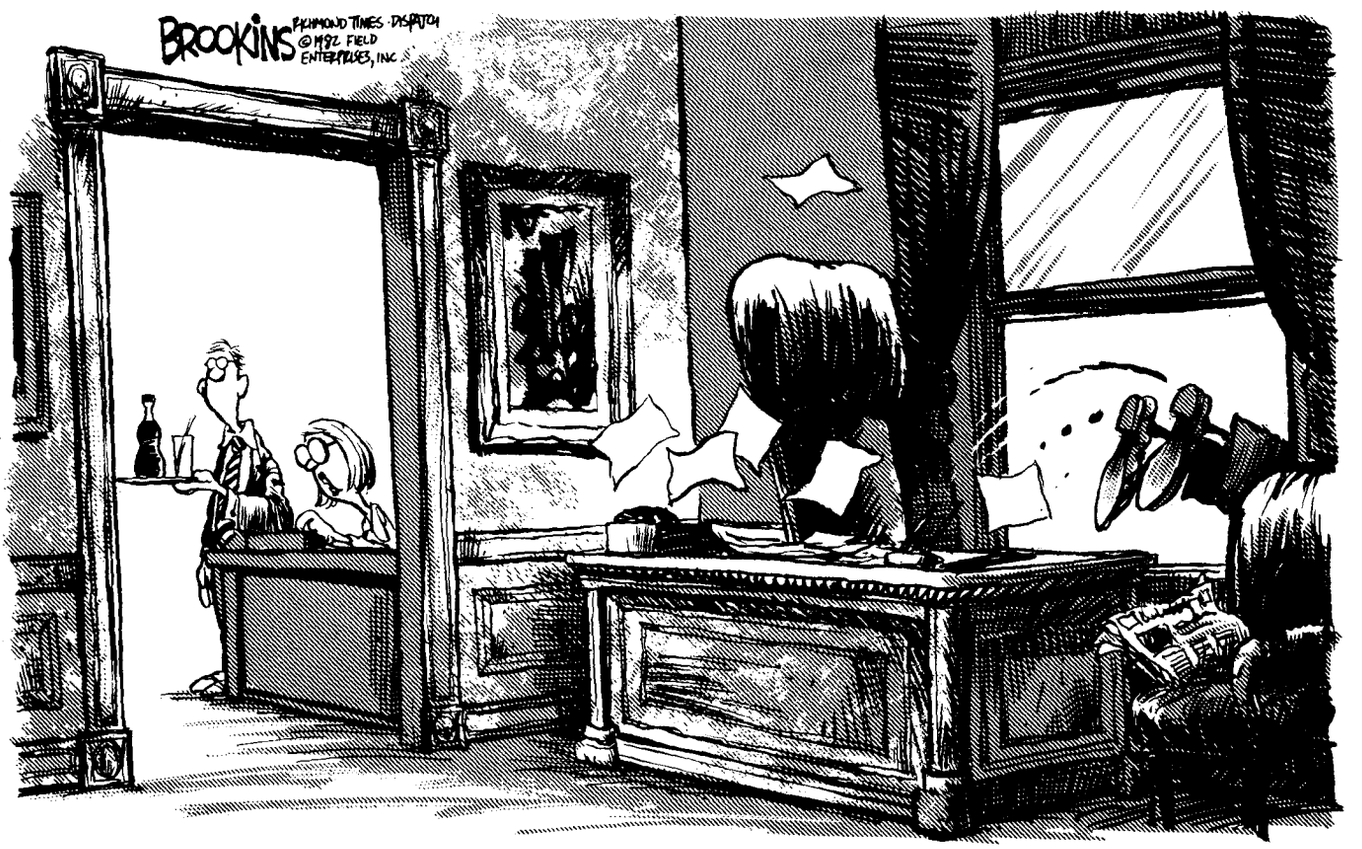
W. H. VON DREELE



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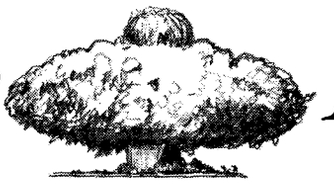


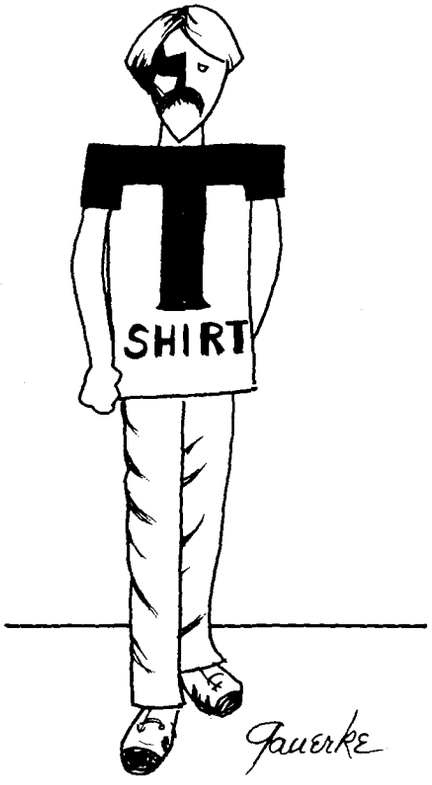
GEORGE V. HIGGINS

A RECENT VISIT to London allowed the smaller travelers an opportunity to explore Westminster Cathedral, at the unexpected cost of exposing the accompanying adults to the importunities of a fairly sizable group fearlessly declaring, right out in front of God and all the people, their strong disapproval of nuclear incineration. They were accosting all passersby to sign petitions endorsing this courageous stand. They resembled the mixed bag of British occasionally pictured taking umbrage with picket signs in areas where the hounds pursue the fox, the parade being filled out by people riding horses and shouting, "View, halloo!" and things like that. Since there must be some limit to their numbers, one supposes that their boast of buttonholing visitors to London every day has granted a measure of peace and quiet to the hunters, so it cannot be said that their activity was entirely without merit.

Keep It to Yourself

Still and all, I do not like being interrupted in my peaceable conduct of my private business by any sort of enthusiast, regardless of the nature of his enthusiasm. This applies to trespassers on my property, rousting me from the shower for the purpose of entering my dwelling place to bleat about their religion and their fervor for it. It applies to young men and women clad in saffron robes who clog up the passageways in airports in order to put me in hazard of missing my plane. It applies to those who are fond of whales and wish me to add my voice and my cash to their cause. Also to be included are: those ardent in protectiveness of baby seals; those roundly displeased by the current distribution of wealth in our society; those convinced that the government should confiscate sufficient wealth from those who earn it in order to enable those who did not earn it to live in the same fashion; and . . . well, so on, far into the night. As it happens, I also dislike the prospect of being incinerated, whether in this world or the next, but I am inclined to doubt that I shall improve my chances of avoiding either by co-signing a piece of paper—neither God nor Leonid Brezhnev has lately addressed to me any communication proposing that I might.

Which of course brings up the interesting question of why it is that no anti-nuclear demonstration capturing me, however briefly (I have become agile, and occasionally profane, in making good my escapes from such groups, not surprising after so much involuntary practice), ever pays more than the most superficial lip service to the fact of the Soviets' missile capability, whatever the size of their arsenal as compared to ours. The handouts invariably call upon the unwilling recipients to belabor the President of the United States to disarm this Republic, claiming that disarmament must start somewhere, on the evident concession that it is unlikely to be initiated in Russia. I think this idea is rather bothersome; though I emphatically share the concession, I am rather put off by my suspicion that I think I also know where disarmament will end, if we Yanks start it off.



Why Pick on Us?

This rumination was shortly thereafter put to an American correspondent for an American publication, running its London bureau. She had also recently found herself surrounded by the people who do not wish to go up in a sheet of blue flame. Having either more time or more curiosity, she had asked the screamer blocking her path to address himself to the very question of why America gets all the guff. The answer was: "Because the Russians won't listen."

I think the demonstrator was wrong. I think the Russians *will* listen. I think they are listening right now, have been for some time, and will remain attentive for so long as wistfulness continues to be a fad in the Western world. I think they are massaging their hands and wishing the demonstrators the very best of luck.

But then, I suppose there is a bright side in this as in every question. Look at the technological advances made in little more than a century. Our Civil War lasted for around five years, World War I took about four, and World War II a little more than that. If we oblige by dismantling our nuclear fence, the Russians will be able to win World War III in no more than an hour. I am inclined to think the temptation thus to demonstrate their technological progress might prove too strong for them. □

Mr. Higgins is a Boston lawyer and novelist—his most recent book is The Patriot Game*—and apprentice curmudgeon.*

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WORLD STAKES

What if the battle for succession after Brezhnev's death leads to a breakdown of the Soviet Communist Party, and the Army takes over Polish-style? Good news or bad? It could be good, say the authors

Soviet Vulnerabilities

L. H. GANN and M. S. BERNSTAM

"We have a problem," runs a popular Soviet joke. "Communism is advancing all over the world. But how can we wipe out capitalism without destroying our source of credit, grain, and technology?" The jest contains a bitter truth. The Soviet Union faces enormous difficulties. Its agriculture is in disarray. The growth of capital investments has substantially declined. All branches of the Soviet economy (to some extent even the armaments industry) are stagnating. Not even the most enthusiastic Soviet agitprop and disinformation experts talk any longer about catching up with—much less outstripping—the "decadent" Western economies.

Moscow has, however, as the joke says, managed to solve some of its difficulties by getting capitalists to subsidize Communism. The Soviet Union now depends heavily on Western loans, investment, trade agreements, grain sales, and technology (gained by fair means and foul).

We Have the Problem

Of these, the loans are probably the most important. The Western powers have extended vast credits to the Soviet Union and its satellites. (As we were forced to notice all too vividly last winter, American institutions—governmental and private—have advanced something like $3.6 billion to Poland alone.) By accepting Western loans, the Soviets have helped create a Western stake in the stability of the Soviet empire. As Lord Keynes once put it, "If you owe a thousand pounds to a bank, you have a problem. If you owe ten million pounds, the bank has a problem." The West's financial involvement in the Eastern bloc has provided incentives for additional loans, lest the creditors default on their previous commitments, with disastrous results to the stability of Western finance. By the same token, meanwhile, U.S. exports of grain to the Soviet Union have helped build up the Soviets' strategic grain reserve while at the same time increasing the dependence of American farmers on Soviet custom. The convergence theory works—but only on Soviet terms.

The Soviet Union, however, also suffers from a host of what Marx would have called "irresolvable contradictions." From the first Red Dawn onward through the decades, an army of Western intellectuals—Lincoln Steffens, G. B. Shaw, H. G. Wells, Romain Rolland, Sidney and Beatrice Webb, Anna Louise Strong, John Reed, Bertolt Brecht, Jean-Paul Sartre, Pablo Neruda—have praised the Bolshevik experiment; and all the while, the Soviet Union has suffered a series of self-inflicted demographic disasters on an immense scale: the civil war, the liquidation of workers and peasants opposed to the Soviet regime, forced industrialization, the collectivization of agriculture, the purges, Gulag, the impact of successive man-made famines (1918-1920, 1921-1922, 1924-1925, 1932-1934, 1946-1948)—all took an enormous toll of lives.

The Soviet Union is also experiencing a striking rise in its general mortality rate (the crude death rate, for instance, has increased one and a half times over the last 15 years). Still more serious, perhaps, is the steep rise in mortality among men between the ages of 25 and 45. Even some official Soviet demographers now explain this disaster in terms of hardships and malnutrition suffered during previous decades of Soviet rule, but no end is in sight: life expectancy at birth is on the decline, especially among males.

Fertility is also on the decline; in five-sixths of the Soviet Union's territory, the fertility rate now stands below the rate of net reproduction. Such population growth as has taken place derives from the still high fertility rate of young Muslim women in Central Asia and Transcaucasia; Russians, Byelorussians, Ukrainians, Latvians, and Estonians are all in demographic decline.

Their Own Attila

Part of the problem is that contraceptives are hardly used in the Soviet Union, so large numbers of women resort to induced abortions. There are more than four induced abortions per birth, or twenty million abortions a year in the Soviet Union. Statisticians calculate that the average Soviet woman has 9.6 induced abortions in her lifetime. (This figure, once again, does not apply to most Muslim women.) According to published surveys, furthermore, 90 per cent of women in Central Russia have recourse to abortion because they simply do not want children; the maternal drive itself now seems imperiled.

Even if some of these women should later change their minds about having children, it is often too late. Abortions in the Soviet Union are performed only by surgical means; after a few such abortions, the chance of a spontaneous

Mr. Gann, a historian, is a Senior Fellow at the Hoover Institution at Stanford University. Mr. Bernstam, a historical demographer, is a visiting scholar there.

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miscarriage is greatly increased, and in fact a striking number of Soviet women are sterile by the age of thirty-five.

Between the rising mortality rate and the declining fertility rate, it is projected that during the next several decades the western part of the Soviet Union will suffer an ever-increasing shortage of young men and women to work on the farms and in the factories, especially in the Russian Federal Republic, which accounts for 60 per cent of the Soviet Union's GNP. Oswald Spengler once predicted that the Communist Revolution would do for the Russians what the barbarian conquest supposedly did for the ancient Romans, i.e., wipe them out. His prophecy, improbable at the time, may yet become reality.

The New Nationalism

What, then, are the prospects for change? The likeliest agent of change will be the nationalist movements of the Soviet Union and the Eastern European satellites. These movements are different in certain important respects from the nationalist movements elsewhere in the world. They do not intend to seize other people's land or minerals; they do not propose to redistribute wealth. Their raison d'etre, instead, is to preserve their respective national traditions and cultures. They want to put an end to social experiments of the "progressive" kind. The majority of Eastern Europeans, Balts, Ukrainians, and Great Russians are inclined to be pro-Western; they are not only anti-Communist, but—for the most part—anti-socialist. Having suffered profound disillusionment with government direction and government planning, they generally look toward some form of a free market.

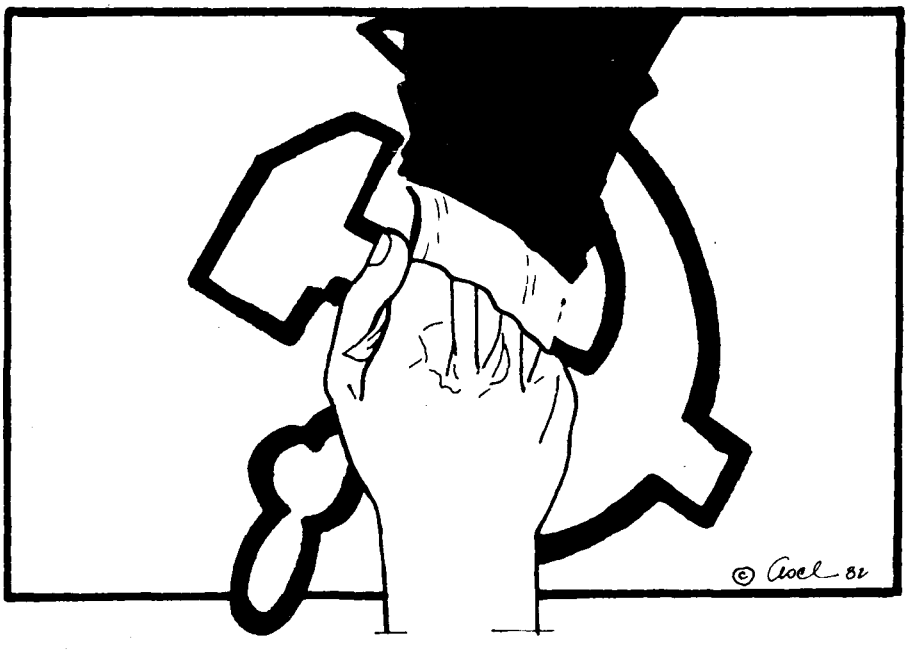
This is not true of the nationalist movements in the Muslim region: they do not look to the West; they hope to modify socialism, while preserving its foundations. But whatever Western intellectuals may think, the bulk of the emergent national movements within the Soviet Union do not want Communism with a human face. They want to end Communism, not mend it.

The new nationalists differ from their predecessors in certain important respects. They have become less chauvinistic than their forebears, because they understand that liberation can come only through a common effort. Soviet Communism may unwittingly have contributed to this trend by working for greater unity among the various national groups.

Most importantly, perhaps, the new nationalist movements derive their inspiration from deeply felt fears for their very survival in demographic terms; they are defensive in nature; they do not threaten anyone, except the Communists and their allies.

The new nationalism is a powerful force, not merely among the smaller nationalities, as one might think, but also among the Great Russians. The Great Russians are 135 million strong; they make up such a large proportion of the Soviet population that nothing serious can be done against Communism without their support. So far this has not been forthcoming—but it might, especially as the Great Russians feel themselves threatened by the other nationalities within the Soviet Union.

The Great Russians, after all, have in some respects suffered the most from the Communist experiment. Tens of millions have been killed, or have died in successive famines. Malnutrition and alcoholism have become national afflictions. (In strike-bound Poland in the late Seventies, the average Polish consumer received an annual ration of 179 pounds of meat and 126 gallons of milk; the average Great Russian obtains no more than 110 pounds of meat and 83 gallons of milk—this according to Comecon's own statistics.) The Great Russians' fertility is the lowest, their mortality one of the highest in the Soviet Union.



Fault Lines

In the past, the Soviet Union has survived both armed and passive popular resistance, uprisings, catastrophic economic failures, famines, foreign invasions, domestic struggles for power. Why then, one might ask, should the Communist rulers not be able to cope with lesser troubles at a time when their military might seems to exceed that of any other country?

None of these weaknesses will endanger the regime, as long as the party leadership retains its cohesion. As Al Capone once said of Mussolini, "He'll be all right, as long as he can keep the boys in line." But the party might not stay united forever. After Brezhnev's departure, for instance, the battle for succession could bring about a major crisis, one which American policymakers should ponder in advance.

The Communist system in the Soviet Union, however strong, contains certain fissures of which the Communists themselves are not unaware. The CPSU has become a mass party with a membership of over 17 million. Something like two-thirds of these men and women joined without any deep sense of commitment; to them, membership means a better chance for promotion in a job, superior educational opportunities for their children, etc. The remainder—perhaps six million in all—are genuine Communists. Even this remnant, however, has ideological problems—the old fervor is long gone; "careerism" and

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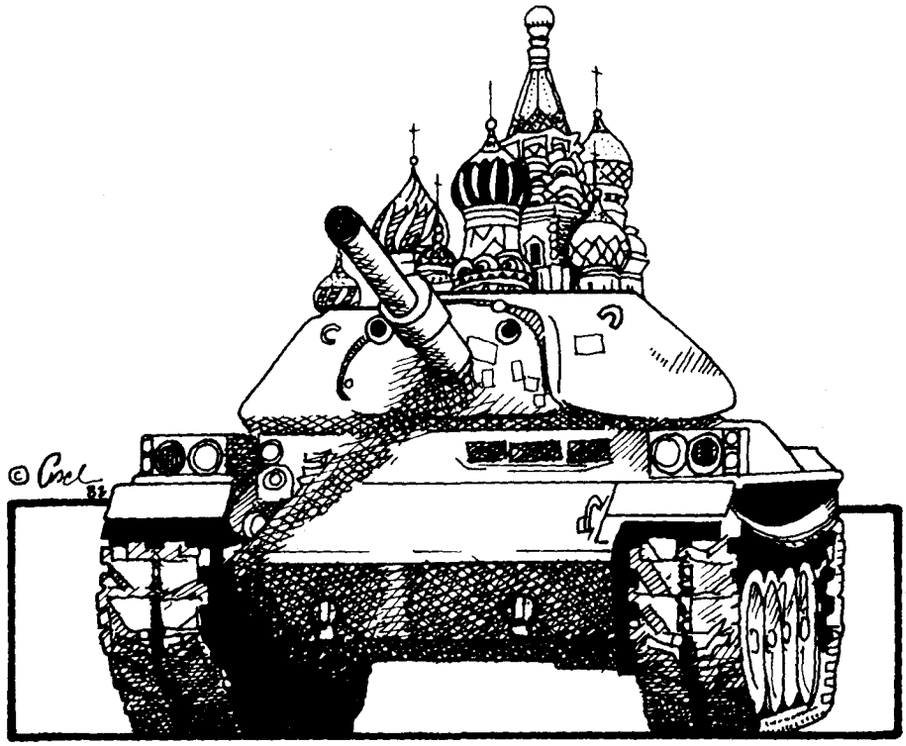
"opportunism," the Communists tell us, are on the rise. In all probability, something like one-half of the convinced Communists would gladly accept a "Communism with a human face." The system, then, depends on something like three million hard-liners, just over 1 per cent of the population.

This minority exercises its dominance through the triple mechanism of party, secret police, and army. The party, as we have seen, has its fault lines. The KGB likewise has distinct weaknesses. It is distrusted both by the military, which prefers to rely on its own intelligence services, and by the party, which fears the KGB as a potential competitor. The KGB has resources and a huge staff; but it is also an unwieldy bureaucratic monster devoid of flexibility. It could effectively guard the Soviet Union against long-term plotting on the part of an organized underground party, but it might find itself powerless against a sudden coup that required little elaborate planning. Not surprisingly, the Communists have traditionally feared "Bonapartism" as a menace to their state.

What are the chances of a "Bonapartist" coup in the event of a long-drawn-out succession struggle? No one can tell for sure. It is not, however, impossible that, if the Communist Party of the Soviet Union should ever fragment in a crisis, as the Polish Communist Party has done, the Red Army might step in to fill the power vacuum.

From the CPSU's standpoint, Poland has provided a dangerous precedent. For the first time since Eastern Europe was incorporated into the Soviet empire, an Eastern bloc country's Communist Party has collapsed, at least temporarily, and the army has had to step in to "restore order." The Polish army, of course, is not an independent power; it remains part of the Warsaw Pact forces, subject to the ultimate direction of the Soviet Union. But what if the Soviet generals were ever to act in a Soviet crisis as the Polish army has acted in Poland? A move on the Red Army's part might create a new and unexpected domino effect throughout the Soviet empire.

What attitude should the West take in the case of such an eventuality? Might not a Red Army regime be even more dangerous than its predecessor? Would a ruling Red Army embody the aggressive and reactionary forces of Great Russian chauvinism? Would it look for further conquests and greater glory in war? Many Westerners, including the bulk of the American liberal establishment, probably fear the Soviet military even more than the CPSU, preferring the known devil to the unknown.



Highest Stage, and Last

Such apprehensions rest on serious over-simplifications. As we see it, the West would in fact make a fatal mistake if it failed to welcome, and possibly even assist, a military takeover. The military will certainly wish to safeguard their professional prestige. On Russian patriotic grounds they would seek to conduct a tough Realpolitik designed to strengthen their country. Unlike the Communists, however, the military are not philosophically committed to a doctrine of class war, world revolution, and the reshaping of the very nature of humanity and the world's future. The military are dedicated rather to national tradition, patriotism, and a hard-nosed pragmatism in economic affairs. Peaceful coexistence between Russia and the West—a genuine form of detente—could work under military auspices in Russia in a way that would be impossible under the Communist aegis.

Military rule, whatever its limitations, would be more popular among the Russian masses than rule by a party whose economic record has dishonored the ideals of socialism in Russia to a greater extent than they have been discredited in Western Europe. The Red Army, moreover, could not simply serve as an instrument of Great Russian chauvinism. The major part of the Red Army's officer corps and (perhaps even more important) of its noncommissioned officers are Ukrainians and Byelorussians; a high proportion of long-service men come from the Muslim part of Soviet Central Asia and from the many small nations of the Caucasus.

No one, of course, can predict the future. But there are straws in the wind. The old confidence in Marxism-Leninism is waning both in Eastern Europe and within the Soviet Union itself. Traditional creeds—Christian, Muslim, Jewish, and Buddhist—are gaining new adherents. Marxism-Leninism as a philosophical system is in decay; its beliefs are no longer taken seriously by the masses. Freed from Communist utopianism and Communist tyranny, the various nations of the Soviet Union could return to their accustomed values. Religious commitment, a sense of historical responsibility, the peasants' traditional individualism, the blue-collar workers' economic common sense, the universal preference for an end to the controlled economy would prevail.

To rephrase Lenin, military rule may perhaps turn out to be both the highest stage of Communism and its last. □

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THE CHURCH'S WAY

Socialism, Sí; Küng, No

THOMAS MOLNAR

POLITICAL and religious illusions die hard. When Pope John XXIII opened the Vatican to the pollution of modernist thought, those "in the know" said it was an old man's whim; during Pope Paul VI's "October Revolution" (theologian Yves Congar's term) Catholics put it down as an aberration of a "Maritain leftist." What, then, do they say about the present Pope, who carries forward the revolutionary reforms of his predecessors? Can anybody claim that what we have been witnessing, for more than two decades, is not the unrolling of official Vatican policy?

What I propose to explain are the *political*, not the doctrinal, changes of the last quarter-century. I suggest that starting with the Second Vatican Council, and continuing through the pronouncement of the encyclical *Laborem Exercens* and on, the Catholic Church has dropped its alliance with liberal bourgeois capitalism and has been forging new ties with socialism. And socialism, in turn—which covers everything from Mitterrand's France to one-party Mexico, from Solidarity to Papandreou's Greece—has been slowly disentangling itself from the Marxists' clutches and becoming an acceptable (because tamed) partner in the dialogue with the Church.

The New Rapprochement

Throughout its long history, the Roman Catholic Church has always made peace with formerly opposing classes, regimes, and ideologies once they ceased being radical and adopted the spirit and language of compromise. This was true for Constantine's Rome; it was true for the feudal system, the rise of the merchant classes, and democracy. What we are now witnessing—and I confess I am fascinated, if not pleased—is the acceptance of socialism, a rapprochement with the Third World, and a post-modern outlook.

Such a relatively rapid readjustment by a huge organization that is both centralized and pluralist is almost necessarily accompanied by both excesses and timidity, doctrinal temptations and political calculation. It has led the Church to forge new friendships and to initiate dialogues with groups and schools of thought the Church perceives as representative of the new world. In such situations, of course, the Church never speaks with a single voice; it permits certain of its members—theologians, bishops, scholars, religious orders—to initiate mini-dialogues. If these are successful, the Church incorporates the results; but if doctrine and discipline are endangered in the course of the mini-dialogue, the Church will, in the long run, disclaim these preliminary soundings as rash or over-enthusiastic efforts. After all, they were not authorized . . .

Many recent events, then, must be seen in the light of the accommodation between Rome and an emerging post-modern, post-industrial, post-Western civilization. "Socialism" is only one of its labels, increasingly acceptable as the term becomes less precise, less aggressive, more of a cliché. (Yesterday's popular terms—democracy, liberalism, parliamentarianism—are fading out; neither the masses nor intellectuals gather any longer in their name.) Socialism finds a place in the latest encyclical—an encyclical very different in tone and style from the *Mater et Magistra* of twenty years ago, yet built on the same foundation.

Laborem Exercens is profoundly ambivalent about private property, and it celebrates labor unions without noting that in many instances they are auxiliaries of Marxist parties. It refuses to condemn Communism explicitly (Vatican II also refused to do so), yet it is very critical of what it calls "'rigid' capitalism." Perhaps more importantly, in a concession to leftist intellectuals, John Paul writes that "work constitutes . . . man's nature . . . as it were," and that through work "man becomes more man." One gets the impression that the foundation of society is work, "because, through work, man does not only transform nature, adapting it to his needs, he also fulfills himself as a man." Friedrich Engels would not have put it otherwise.

Was *Laborem Exercens* addressed to the Polish situation? Probably—but not exclusively. In it *Solidarnosc* is raised to the level of a paradigm, with the dialogue between Church and socialism that is an important factor of national reality in Poland being treated as a pointing of the way for other countries. The influential Polish priest, Fr. Jozef Tischner, writes: "We must live in this country with two realities, Marxism and Christianity, and the point at which their dialogue meets is work. Marxism must now answer questions about ethics implied in work, and if it does not answer, it must disappear." What is understood here is that the Church too must answer questions about the role of work among society's moral imperatives. Theologies of work (three decades after Fr. Chenu's pioneering opus) may now multiply, praising socialism and explaining its compatibility with doctrine. Recently, an American Jesuit told a friend of mine: "We must get rid of our bourgeois-capitalist association." Indeed, the U.S. episcopate nowadays often simply parrots its Latin American counterparts on the social issues. It is instructive to compare our bishops' discreet attitude during the Vietnam War ten years ago with their present activism on the Salvador issue and nuclear war. Who can imagine that this is done without at least the cautious approval of the Vatican?

The Gospel of Socialism

Positive episcopal and theological statements about socialism are too numerous to count. As long as 12 years ago, Bishop Matagrin, in France, was writing that the Gospels "reject a timid social reformism" and that the Kingdom's real meaning is a "bold and joyous eschatological effort to change the world here below." On his visit to Brazil last year, the Pontiff embraced and kissed with particular warmth Paulo Evaristo Cardinal Arns, archbishop of São Paulo, hero of the *favellas*. Cardi-

Mr. Molnar is the author of a number of books, including The Pagan Temptation *and* Politics and State in Catholic Thought.

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nal Arns writes for a Marxist-sponsored press and was not indignant when asked on television whether he was a homosexual. Marxism and homosexuality are no longer scandalous; nor is membership in Masonic orders cause for excommunication any longer, under the new canon law.

In short, leftist causes are regarded with increasing favor. Pope John Paul II has addressed a friendly message to Archbishop Helder Camara of Brazil, a hero among "progressives." Paul VI used to call Camara "my red archbishop"; John Paul II praises Dom Helder's "goodness, charity, and sacrificial life"—this of a prelate who speaks frequently at radical, "anti-imperialist" meetings, with a rose in his hand like such socialist leaders as François Mitterrand, Andreas Papandreou, and Mario Soares.

The Vatican cultivates progressive forces by assimilating their representatives. A case in point is the letter sent in June of last year to the Institut Catholique of Paris concerning Teilhard de Chardin. Signed by Cardinal Casaroli (an ambiguous and transitional figure like his predecessor, Cardinal Jean Villot, and the former Jesuit Superior Fr. Arrupe), the letter, celebrating the hundredth anniversary of Teilhard's birth, while not actually invalidating the *Monitum* issued against his teachings in 1962 certainly opened the way to future rehabilitation. The letter recommends that Teilhardism be submitted to "new epistemological investigation"; it acknowledges that Teilhard gave new courage to people "tired of the faith," as well as a new vision to scientists ill at ease with Catholic teaching.

In this worldwide policy of self-renewal and civilizational adjustment, the quiet moves are overshadowed by scenes of spectacular radicalism. Here, too, the tactic is to apply restraint without impeding the movement.

There are two major world movements currently affecting the Church: the socialist-ecclesiastical renewal that we have been discussing; and the new theology (Rahner, Küng, Schillebeeckx, Metz, Gutierrez, the Concilium group). Of the two, the Vatican finds the second the more dangerous because it nurtures a heresy, whereas the first—though, to be sure, strongly influenced by Marxism, in whose shadow it grew and prospered—is seen as merely an internal problem, to be domesticated in time and with prudence. Rome believes that by extending recognition to socialism, its spokesmen and adepts, it can ultimately integrate socialism with the evangelical message. Thus Cardinal Arns, embarrassing as he may be, receives the pontifical embrace because he remains within the tradition. While falling far short of what Mother Teresa does in Calcutta, nevertheless they both serve the poor.

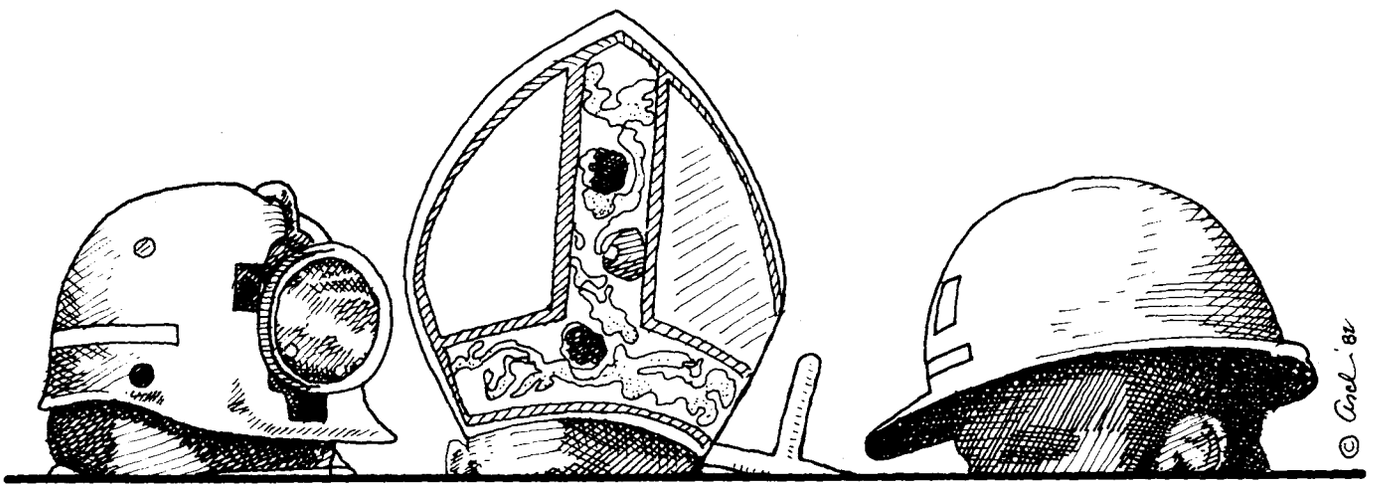
This Revolution's Trotskyists

When it comes to the extremist theologians, meanwhile, the Church, while considering them heretical, sees no need to do much about them. It counts on their long-range self-elimination, believing that they are likely, as has happened in the past, simply to put themselves outside the Catholic community; they may remain for a while the Trotskyists of the Church's "October Revolution," and then be reabsorbed in some lay spiritualist sect. At any rate, their departure from precise and commonly held definitions of dogma, doctrine, morals, and ecclesiastical law will gradually make them spiritually irrelevant, as was the case with so many heresies and unorthodoxies of the past. Hans Küng, for example, so obviously adopts positions amounting to a counter-Christianity that it is only a question of time before the sect he may encourage to form around him will detach itself from the body of the Church. In fact, this may already be happening. A brochure, "The Church of the Future," has begun advertising Küng's theses, attacking the Church as "anti-critical, blind to problems, dishonest, closed to the world." At the end of the brochure, Küng invites the reader "to become part of a new reformation."

The Vatican's Gamble

Is there a conclusion? The Church's slow moves toward socialism seem irreversible. Although the term socialism has come to mean less and less, it inflames the masses, the intellectuals, the media, and a large part of the clergy. It addresses the end of the "capitalist alliance," just as the Vatican's approaches to republican-democratic forms of government in the nineteenth century advertised the cutting of the umbilical cord to monarchical systems. The Church, moreover, has never been comfortable with liberalism and the capitalist system; socialism, on the other hand, may be interpreted as the secularized expression of the Church's concern for the poor, the weak, and the suffering. Today it also signifies detachment from Western styles of thinking, and reasserts universalism: an opening toward the Third World.

In the long run, the Vatican hopes to separate socialism from its Marxist vestiges and to penetrate it with its own spirit. This may seem a bold gamble, but living under Providence consists also of taking risks. □



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RUTH BERENSON

Amounting to Something

C. H. SIMONDS

THE RECENTLY widowed are often given to small but significant gestures signaling independence. One I know of, whose husband had long insisted that music ends with Mozart, went out and bought a record of Mahler's First Symphony; another moved to New Jersey. Ruth Berenson had the furniture reupholstered: "Whenever I mentioned it, Norbert used to have a fit. 'It's shabby,' he would say. 'Don't you *like* things shabby?' "

Indeed, the lady is, in her civilized way, kicking up her heels: new job, new quarters; not a whole new life, but one veering noticeably. And a new city, Washington, which occasions grumbles from a longtime New Yorker. To reach her new spread, one is vetted by the doorman, then by the desk man with his ever-shifting TV monitors; she has an even harder time: up to the garage entrance, out with the silvery futuristic doodad that, put in its slot, guarantees that she is she and opens the iron gate; park the car, use doodad again to penetrate building; up umpteen floors, fish out two separate keys, determine which opens which lock, home at last. "It's so dangerous here, you know." Not dangerous on the Upper West Side? "Oh, yes, but I know New York."

Yet here she is in Washington, the newly fledged Associate Deputy Chairman for Programs of the National Endowment for the Arts, which cumbersome title means that she has a large voice in how a (very small, to be sure) portion of our tax dollar is spent. She loves it.

A Balkan Expert!

An earlier stint in the capital was less satisfying. Fresh from Radcliffe, with exams passed and only the still-to-be-written thesis standing between her and a doctorate, she found work at the National Gallery—as it turned out, selling postcards. "Everyone kept telling me to hang on, stick with it, and I'd be promoted, but I found it demeaning, so I quit."

Her mother, had she lived to see the day, would have approved—she who, finding life "terribly stultifying" in the very proper Boston German-Jewish community where her family were of considerable consequence, persuaded her lawyer-husband to pack up and move to New York. Until the Crash, they were comfortable indeed: "It wasn't the kind of thing you read about in Irving Howe." Ruth underwent an upper-class education at the Ethical Culture Schools, then at Smith.

"Smith was inevitable. I had a fearsome cousin, Senda Berenson, who had taught physical education there for years and years—the road down to the gym was named after her—and she kept an eye on me. I was not very happy at Smith." Genteel antisemitism was not a problem, she adds, at least objectively: "I really never encountered it, but my father was terribly, terribly conscious of it. You had to do well, have good manners, be a perfect lady—you had to be the 'right' kind of Jew. I believe many middle-class blacks are brought up in the same way, and I'm not sure I approve."

To be young and educated in those days was to be radical politically. That gave her father—"my brother used to say Father was the Communist of the Savoy Plaza"—no problem. When the Spanish Civil War erupted, she was on Majorca during Franco's flight to the mainland; cheering to herself, she watched Government (i.e., Republican) planes bombing the insurgents. Back home, she joined the Young Communist League—"we had cell names and all that sort of thing, and we went up to Vermont and picketed for the . . . for the granite workers, I think it was."

The Russian invasion of Finland disabused her—though in any event she was by then preoccupied with art history at Radcliffe: art history, the turf of her distant cousin, the formidable Bernard Berenson. Had he somehow inspired her? "In a perverse sort of way, I suppose. He didn't approve at all of my becoming an art historian. I was interested in the wrong period; the professors at Harvard were too 'German-minded.' Also, I think he was afraid I might trade on his name."

When the war broke out, she presented herself at the Office of War Information and was hired, because of her fluency, as a French expert. "By the time I got cleared, as usual with the government, they didn't need me for that, so they made me a Balkan expert, and I was put to work doing propaganda analysis when I didn't know the difference between Budapest and Bucharest."

Little Woman, Never

After V-E Day, she went to work for the International Rescue Committee as a caseworker, taking time out to finish her dissertation on the American painter John LaFarge. In the Fifties, she took on the job of amanuensis to Christopher Emmett, the freewheeling anti-Communist publicist. She had a delightful time organizing committees, preparing full-page ads and garnering signatures for them, and getting to know the anti-Communist intelligentsia—including Norbert Muhlen.

"I met Norbert at a cocktail party where he had gone to escape another party. I saw him standing in the middle of the room, alone, not talking to anyone [she concedes that this was probably the first and last time Norbert Muhlen was ever alone and silent], and I said, 'Who *is* that?' We were introduced; I thought, 'Boy, this is a fascinating man!' "

Muhlen, already a PhD in his early twenties, had fled Germany in 1933 with the Gestapo panting close behind, and supported himself in Switzerland and France by writing—most memorably, a biography of Hjalmar Schacht that became a best-seller in the United States. When France fell, he fled again, this time on foot over the Pyrenees, and made his way to America, where—firmly anti-Nazi but a German patriot still—he refused to write a line for the duration of the war. After 1946, he be-

Mr. Simonds, who teaches at Indian Mountain School, is a longtime associate of NR.

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came a leading interpreter of German affairs in America, working the while to build German-American understanding.

They went steady for seven years. "All my friends said he wasn't the marrying kind, but I just thought this was the guy for me. I didn't think he was perfect; I knew he was going to be difficult." Perhaps, but the frisky bachelor settled down quickly: "It took him about one day to get used to having dinner. He loved the domesticity of marriage. He loved to think of me as the little woman who was absolutely helpless without him. Of course, I *wasn't* helpless, but it was terribly important for him to think that I was. It was funny, because theoretically he didn't believe that, but personally he wanted me to be very dependent on him."

Woman she is; little she is not. Small perhaps, though compact might be the apter word. When she is warm on a subject her eyes widen and shine, and the words pour forth aided by maximum body-English and punctuated by a lusty laugh. Shoulders back, head up —do we hear Cousin Senda in the background?—and forward at full tilt, on sensible shoes. She is no compulsive talker; rather, a compulsive thinker, questioner, puzzler, analyzer, and thus wonderful company.

It soon became clear who was dependent on whom: "He hated it when I went away for a day or two. He would get sick, and develop all kinds of peculiar symptoms, and I would have to come rushing back. He was the laughing-stock of all my friends." She shrugs. "So I married a neurotic. I knew he was neurotic before we got married, and I was prepared to cope. And it was worth it—he was such *fun*!"

Muhlen encouraged Ruth to write about art, first for German papers, then for *NR* and a range of other American journals. It was that encouragement that landed her where she is today. A week after his death from leukemia last fall, she attended a German-American cultural conference he had organized in Bonn.

"Suddenly I found myself being somebody on my own, in a way that I hadn't been in years. I remember meeting Frank Shakespeare and hearing him say, 'But you're Ruth Berenson—I've been reading you for years.' I had never really thought of myself as Ruth Berenson. I was Ruth Muhlen, I was Norbert's wife. I wrote about art, and it was

fun, but I had never thought of it as anything very important. And now here I was Ruth Berenson. I got a bang out of it, even though I was absolutely numb from Norbert's death."

Around the turn of the year, the possibility of a position with the Endowment was mentioned; she nibbled, they tugged, and several dozen meetings and letters of recommendation later, she was on the job. "It's really funny," she says, "at my age, starting all over—real *Reader's Digest* stuff! All my art friends used to say I was so intelligent, but I never really amounted to anything. When I called them to get recommendations, they were dumbfounded—here they all were retiring, emeritus, and all that, and here's Berry finally amounting to something."

And if Norbert could see her now? "I think he'd be proud—he was always proud of what I did. I do miss him terribly, but I never was that little woman he had built up in his mind."

Brooklyn Bridge, No!

The National Endowment will dispense $143 million this year (less, of course, next); Ruth is part of the tortuous process of determining who gets what, if anything at all. Applications for grants are first reviewed by a "peer panel" of practitioners in the particular field. They go then to Ruth for review, then to the chairman, finally to the Endowment's National Council. Just how many applications does this involve? "I don't know—hundreds. I only know I nearly went blind reading them all." And each *is* read, nowadays; earlier chairmen and their staffs sometimes omitted the chore, thus allowing a great deal of precious nonsense to be funded, to the malicious joy of the benighted.

"I believe, contrary to many conservatives, that government has a certain obligation to art. I had endless arguments with Norbert about that." The Endowment, she has discovered, is staffed by "dedicated, hardworking people"; it does not, she insists, squander money foolishly. Most grants go to groups or institutions, and must be matched 2 or 3 to 1 from private sources; thus the Endowment acts as a lever on foundation and corporate money in search of worthy recipients. "We don't *tell* private sources where to spend their money—we find good programs, and suggest them." The only out-and-out gifts are fellowships to individuals, and of these Ruth has her philosophical suspicions. Her own work-in-progress, a study of nineteenth century German art and artists ten years a-borning and now, alas, shelved again, has thus far been done without recourse to grant money, "because I don't think it's right for government to finance individuals."

Why is she here? "They wanted an outsider, a person who was non-establishment. In certain fields, the avant garde, or the so-called avant garde, has turned into a kind of academy." She hopes to see the Endowment become more receptive to new ideas, less academic; she believes she can help "cut out some of the nonsense" (e.g., the proposal to celebrate the centennial of the Brooklyn Bridge by erecting loudspeakers at either end over which traffic sounds would be broadcast) and the routine-leftish agitprop masquerading as art.

And can the Endowment avoid erecting an "official culture"? She believes it can, by democratizing itself, "by trying to make the peer panels and the National Council as representative of all kinds of culture as possible. The conservative part of our culture has not been represented at all."

But now Ruth Berenson's in town, to tackle—amiably, to be sure—the culturati and wear them to slivers. *Reader's Digest*-y though it may sound, she has the wit and the will to do it. □

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On Gas and Grain

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

THE SOVIET UNION is, with West Germany's financial and technical aid, going ahead with the Siberian gas pipeline to which the United States objects—an objection which I share, not only as a friend of the United States, but as a good European.

Let me say, parenthetically, that I am less sure about the American sanctions against Poland; I might well question whether this is a wise step either humanly or politically, although I realize that any aid given to Poland will indirectly profit the Soviet Union. But the U.S. sanctions against the USSR, particularly in connection with the gas pipeline, are a different matter. This difference is recognized (contrary to the impression given by much of the press) by a majority of the intelligent people over here, who object to the gas deal not only because it strengthens the Eastern bloc but, worse yet, because it will increase Western Europe's dependence on the Soviet Union.

What we in Europe are facing is a huge, permanent hard-currency drain to the East, and also the possibility of blackmail from the East: the Kremlin would acquire the power to cut off an important source of energy to the highly industrialized West at any time.

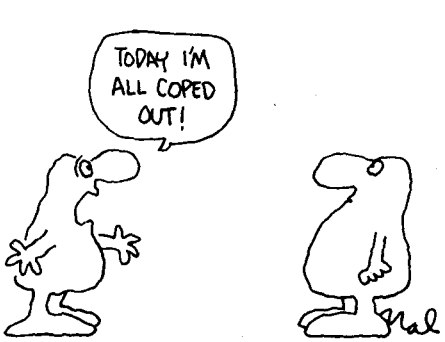
While this should be—and is—clear to every European, it does not wipe out the very natural *ressentiment* (which is more than just "resentment") of the Europeans at being told what to do—bossed, if you will—by the Americans. Europe's inferiority complex vis-à-vis the superpowers should not be discounted.

This psychological factor is minor, however, compared to the economic concerns of Europe's politicians, whose horizons rarely transcend the next elections, or of the entrepreneurs who see their short-term gains threatened, or of both the managerial class and the workers, badly frightened by the specter of growing unemployment figures.

The political parties in power today are understandably concerned with prosperity (at least moderate prosperity) because modern man, in the face of economic adversity, tends to vent his anger on the incumbent government, whether or not that government is to blame. In the short run, the pipeline deal with the USSR means an estimated six thousand new jobs and immediate advantages for German industry. It should push stocks up and help the working man. And although the next general election in Germany is not due until 1984, there is a very important state election in Hesse coming up next month. It is essential for the governing coalition not to lose the Hesse election after its recent defeat in Hamburg, so it is pushing hard for the pipeline deal and the short-term economic "fix" it is expected to bring. Its political rhetoric tends to equate those hostile to the pipeline with enemies of the German worker. ("Capitalist America is against the German worker!" goes one slogan.)

And where is the opposition while all this is going on? Is it criticizing the Schmidt government? Not at all. The voices of protest are muted, which is not so surprising when you remember that the right-of-center parties, though not financed by trade unions, are financed by industrialists, who are much more interested than they will admit in the deal with the Soviets. A pipeline requires more than pipe; it will use a lot of diversified equipment, and West Germany has the knowhow to produce much of it.

Only belatedly are people awakening to the fact that the monstrous regime to the East is fed and housed, clothed, industrially equipped, and above all armed by the West. The Siberian pipeline, the huge Russian, Polish, and Rumanian debts, as well as the tourists from the West spending their hard currency in the East, are all part of the same picture. Thanks to American, British, and German entrepreneurs and bankers, to Argentine landowners, to French engineers and American farmers, the Soviet Union and its satellites have been living on the material and intellectual fat of the West.



Lenin saw this in 1920 when he wrote to Chicherin that Western capitalists were nincompoops, "useful idiots," men without character and with no encompassing view of history. They would, he said, finance the USSR and build its military machine—"they will work hard in order to prepare their suicide."

Kamenev spoke in the same vein the day before he signed the Soviet-British Trade Agreement of 1921: "With every shovelful of coal, with every barrel of oil which we in Russia produce thanks to their technology, they are digging their grave." And he added that Marx had expected just such a development.

THERE IS also a moral aspect of the pipeline deal, as Dr. Reinhard Grauck, president of the International Society for Human Rights, pointed out in an open letter to Chancellor Helmut Schmidt. In this letter of protest, Grauck charged that there are old and new concentration camps situated all along the pipeline from Siberia westward: there are camps in Urengoi, Surgut, Tavda, Irbit, Lys'va, Kungur, and a brand-new one in Ust'-Ishim. The slave labor in these camps includes a number of well-known dissidents. Many of the prisoners do not even have barracks—they live in boxcars. They suffer from cold and hunger and poor medical care. They are permitted no contact with the West German engineers on the line. The Germans, in turn, are not permitted any contact even with the "free workers" who, along with "politicals" and criminals, make up the labor force.

Dr. Grauck pointed out that German companies are widely attacked for doing business with South African firms that employ black labor at low wages. What, he asks, about the real slave labor in the USSR from which West Germany is now going to profit?

It is now a widely acknowledged fact in Europe that Marxism, which parades as an essentially economic ideology, always fails in the domain of economics. Without the constant transfer of Western investments, Western knowhow, and Western aid in countless forms, the Red World would have collapsed long ago. □

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Books Arts & Manners

Introducing John Chamberlain & His World

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

LATE ONE AFTERNOON in the fall of 1955, on the eve of the appearance of the first issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, something people more loftily situated would have called a "summit conference" was set in New York City, for which purpose a tiny suite in the Commodore Hotel was engaged. Tensions—ideological and personal—had arisen, and the fleeting presence in New York of Whittaker Chambers, who had dangled before us in an altogether self-effacing way the prospect that he might come out of retirement to join the fledgling enterprise, prompted me to bring the principals together for a meeting which had no specific agenda, being designed primarily to reaffirm the common purpose.

As I think back on it, two of the five people present at the outset were born troublemakers. To say this about someone is not to dismiss him as merely that: Socrates was a troublemaker, so was Thomas Edison. But troublemaking was not what was primarily needed to distill unity, and so things were not going smoothly, one half hour after the meeting began. And then, when it was nearly six o'clock and I thought I detected in Chambers a look of terminal exasperation, John Chamberlain came in, a briefcase in one hand, a pair of figure skates in the other. He mumbled (he usually mumbles) his apology . . . He had booked the practice time at the ice rink for himself and his daughters . . . The early afternoon editorial meeting had been protracted . . . the traffic difficult . . . No thanks, he didn't want anything to drink—was there any iced tea? He stole a second or two to catch up on Whittaker's family, and then sat back to participate in a conference—which had been transformed by his presence at it. When a few days later Chambers wrote, he remarked the sheer "goodness" of John Chamberlain, a quality in him that no man or woman, living or dead, has ever to my knowledge disputed.

At the time a sharp difference had arisen, not between me and John, but between Willi Schlamm and John's wife, Peggy (R I P). Schlamm viewed the projected magazine as a magnetic field, professional affiliation with which could no more be denied by the few to whom the call was tendered, than a call to serve as one of the Twelve Apostles. Poor Peggy would not stand for it: John was serving then as editor of *Barron's* magazine. Before that he had been with *The Freeman*, before that with *Life*, before that the *Wall Street Journal*, before that *Fortune*, before that the *New York Times*. In each of these enterprises he had achieved singularity. He had two daughters not yet grown up. How could anyone reasonably ask that now, in middle age, he detach himself from a secure position to throw in with an enterprise whose working capital would not have seen *Time* magazine through a single issue, or *Barron's* through a dozen, and whose editor-in-chief was not long out of school?

I like to remind myself that I did not figure even indirectly in the protracted negotiation, respecting, as I did, not only the eminence of John Chamberlain, but also the altogether understandable desire of his wife for just a little economic security. But Willi was very nearly (nothing ever proved that conclusively shocking to Willi) struck dumb with shock. That was one of the clouds that hung over that late afternoon discussion, in which Willmoore Kendall exploited every opportunity to add fuel to the fire, principally by the device of suggesting that for *some* people security means *everything*; the kind of thing John did not wish to hear, among other things because it so inexactly reflected his own priorities—he was concerned not with security, but with domestic peace.

SO IT WENT, and in one form or another the tensions continued, though they never proved crippling. John settled the problem by moonlighting—as lead reviewer for NATIONAL REVIEW. But I learned then, during that tense afternoon, the joy of a definitively pacific presence. Ours might have been a meeting to discuss whether to dump the bomb on Hiroshima; and John Chamberlain's presence would have brought to such a meeting, whatever its outcome, a sense of inner peace, manliness, and self-confidence.

Mr. Buckley's essay constitutes the Foreword to A Life with the Printed Word, *by John Chamberlain (204 pp., $14.95), to be published October 18 by Regnery/Gateway.*

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There are stories he does not tell, in this engrossing autobiography; stories about himself, and this is characteristic. Bertrand de Jouvenel once told me, in a luncheon devoted to discussing our common friend Willmoore Kendall, that any subject at all is more interesting than oneself. Actually, I am not sure that this is so, because some people know no subject thoroughly other than themselves, but with John Chamberlain self-neglect is not an attribute of manners, but of personality. When NATIONAL REVIEW started up, he would come in to the office every week (it was then a weekly) and, sitting down in whatever cubicle was empty, type out the lead review, with that quiet confidence exhibited by sea captains when they extricate their huge liners from their hectic municipal slips to begin an ocean voyage. After 45 minutes or so a definitive book review was done; and he would, quietly, leave, lest he disrupt the office.

In those days "the office" consisted of six or seven cubicles, each one with desk and typewriter. Most of *NR*'s top editorial staffers, from the beginning on, have served only part-time—James Burnham, Willi Schlamm, Willmoore Kendall, Whittaker Chambers, Frank Meyer—so that although they would, week after week, always use the same office, at any given moment at least one cubicle was unoccupied, though seldom the same one. A young graduate of Smith, age 24, four or five months into the magazine's life complained to her classmate, my sister, that the repairman who came once a week to check the typewriters had not once serviced her own. No one was more amused on hearing this than John Chamberlain, the delinquent typewriter repairman, who that week, servicing the typewriter, had written a marvelously illuminating review of the entire fictional work of Mary McCarthy.

I NEVER saw him, during the Thirties, slide into his chair at the *New York Times* to write his daily book reviews, many of them masterpieces of the form. Nor at *Fortune*, returning from two weeks on the road to write what he here calls a "long piece," which would prove the definitive article on this or that intricate problem of management or labor. Or at *Life*, presiding over the editorial page which was Henry Luce's personal cockpit, from which he spoke out, through John, to God and man in authoritative, not to say authoritarian, accents: but I decline to believe that in any of these roles, or in any of the myriad others—as professor at Columbia, as dean at the University of Alabama, as book writer, or columnist—John Chamberlain ever did anything more disruptive than merely to greet whoever stood in the way, and amble over to wherever the nearest typewriter was, there to execute his craft: maintaining standards as high as any set by any critical contemporary. Because John Chamberlain could not ever sing off key. And the combination of a gentle nature, and a hard Yankee mind, brought forth prose of which this book gives a representative sample. The voice of reason, from an affable man, unacquainted with affectation, deeply committed to the cause of his country, which he believes to be co-extensive with that of civilization; and certainly, with that of his two girls by his first marriage, and his son—a budding young poet—by his second, with the enchanting Ernestine, to whom he went soon after Peggy's untimely death.

IN THIS book Chamberlain seeks to bring the reader quietly along, that he might re-experience the author's odyssey. He does this, characteristically, without pushing or shoving; as if to say that if—at any point—the reader desires to hew to a different turn in the road, why that is all right by Chamberlain; although the probability is that, if the reader will reflect substantially on the data, he will in due course come around.

The data!

We are all familiar with autobiographical accounts of ideological explorations, some of them wonderfully exciting. John Chamberlain's is surely the most soft-throated in the literature. As a young man who had demonstrated his prowess as a critic (William Lyon Phelps called him the "finest critic of his generation"), as a political thinker manifestly addicted to progress, he wrote his book *Farewell to Reform*, in which he seemed to give up on organic change, suggesting the advantages of radical alternatives. But his idealism was never superordinated to his intelligence, and in the balance of that decade of the Thirties, and following that of the Forties, Chamberlain never ceased to look at the data, which carefully he integrated in his productive mind. Along the line (he tells us) he read three books, so to speak at one gulp (how many books has he read, reviewed, during his career? Or better, Has anyone read, and manifestly digested, more books than John Chamberlain?)—and the refractory little tumblers closed, after which he became what is now denominated a "conservative," though Chamberlain prefers the world "voluntarist." The books in question, by the three furies of modern libertarianism—Rose Wilder Lane, Isabel Paterson, Ayn Rand—provided the loose cement. After that, as he shows us here, he ceased to be surprised by evidence, now become redundant; evidence that the marketplace really works, really performs social functions, really helps live human beings with live problems.

This book is a story of that journey. Its calmness and lucidity, its acquiescent handling of experience, free of ideological entanglement, provokes in

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the reader the kind of confidence that John Chamberlain throughout his life has provoked in his friends: that he is that to them—a friend—but that in no circumstances are the claims of friendship so to be put forward as to run any risk of corrupting the purity of his ongoing search, through poetry, fiction, economic texts, corporate reports—and, yes, seed catalogues—for just the right formulation of what may be acknowledged as the American proposition, by which an equilibrium of forces breeds the best that can be got out of the jealous, contentious, self-indulgent, uproarious breed of men and women that have made so exciting a world here, giving issue, in one of America's finest moments, to a splendid son, who here has given us his invaluable memoirs. □

Reagan
By Lou Cannon
Putnam's, 432 pp., $19.95

OLD-SCHOOL STUFF

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

One of the less appealing by-products of the television revolution has been the appearance of a new species of reporter: the Washington Know-It-All. This journalistic blight manages to convey the impression that he has been around town since God was a child, watching Presidents and lesser fry come and go. He almost visibly staggers under the weight of his accumulated experience and wisdom. When a new President is inaugurated, this mobile puddle of self-satisfaction assembles with two or three of his peers in front of the nearest television camera and patronizes the New Boy mercilessly: "He'll learn!" "Remember when . . ." "I give him six months." Etc.

Let us be grateful, then, that the first serious full-scale study of Ronald Reagan from childhood to the White House has been written, not by one of these preening poseurs, but by a down-to-earth political reporter of the old school: Lou Cannon of the *Washington Post*.

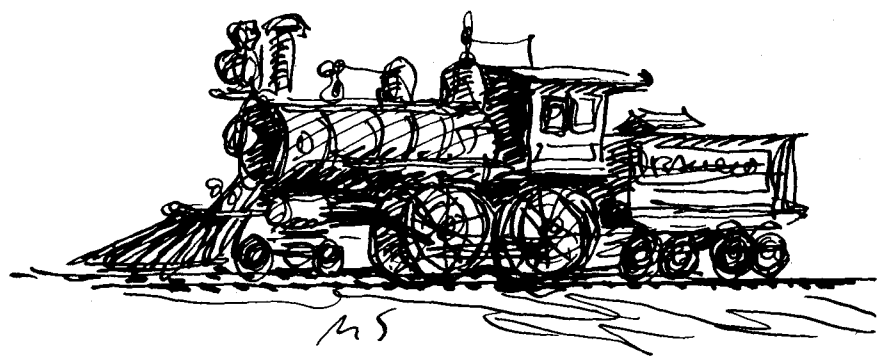
Cannon isn't infallible (I remember, no doubt rather more fondly than he does, our respective predictions of the outcome of a special election for Congress in Seattle back in 1977), but he works hard at his craft and gives the reader full value. By sheer luck, moreover, Cannon was a local political reporter in California in the mid-1960s, when Reagan was getting his start in politics; and he therefore had occasion to get to know Reagan, and to interview him repeatedly, years before most Eastern reporters considered the California governor anything but an alarming example of what can happen when you teach a Hollywood actor to read.

The result is a fact-filled and in general well-balanced account of a remarkable life. Cannon is refreshingly free from the common journalistic pretense of total objectivity, and he warns the reader at the outset that "I like and respect Ronald Reagan while remaining skeptical that his actions will achieve the results he intends." That isn't a bad mixture of attitudes for a political reporter, and Cannon's account of Reagan's life remains broadly true to it. He also has an old-fashioned passion for identifying his sources wherever possible, and fills 14 pages at the end of his book with notes documenting almost every quotation and factual assertion it contains.

Here and there one is aware of a curious lacuna. There is virtually nothing, for example, about Reagan's religious views, which are important to a rounded understanding of the man. Nor is Cannon always as kind to other conservative politicians as he is to Reagan. He sees William Knowland's 1958 attempt to go from the Senate to the California governorship, for example, as merely a cynical maneuver in an unsuccessful drive for the Presidency, rather than the desperate effort it actually was to save a failing marriage by leaving Washington for Sacramento. He also very plainly has no love for Interior Secretary James Watt, devoting 15 pages to an account of Watt's alleged misdeeds—more space than he allots to the discussion of Reagan's Secretaries of State and Defense combined. Surprisingly, too, Cannon endorses the widely accepted "passive version" of Reagan's 1968 bid for the Republican nomination, which simply amuses those who knew what was really going on, and he likewise seems not to realize how fully geared-up the Reagan bandwagon had again become by mid-1974.

But no single political reporter (or politician, for that matter) can be everywhere and know everything, and it would be churlish to ignore Cannon's generous doughnut and concentrate on its hole. By and large, his account of Reagan's life and career is both comprehensive and fair. Cannon understands how deeply Reagan's own far from prosperous family background and hard-won personal success influence his views on everything from welfare to "the American dream." His respect for Reagan's ability as a salesman borders on fear: "Even when he was exasperatingly wrong or misinformed, he was so thoroughly convincing and self-assured that others believed him. Believability was the key. Reagan was not believable because he was the Great Communicator; he was the Great Communicator because he was believable."

It is in the last chapters of the book that Cannon's personal liking for Reagan gives way to his avowed and vigorous skepticism about the man's accomplishments: "Reagan was, for all his optimism, running out of time. His reach had exceeded his grasp. His knowledge had proved unequal to his



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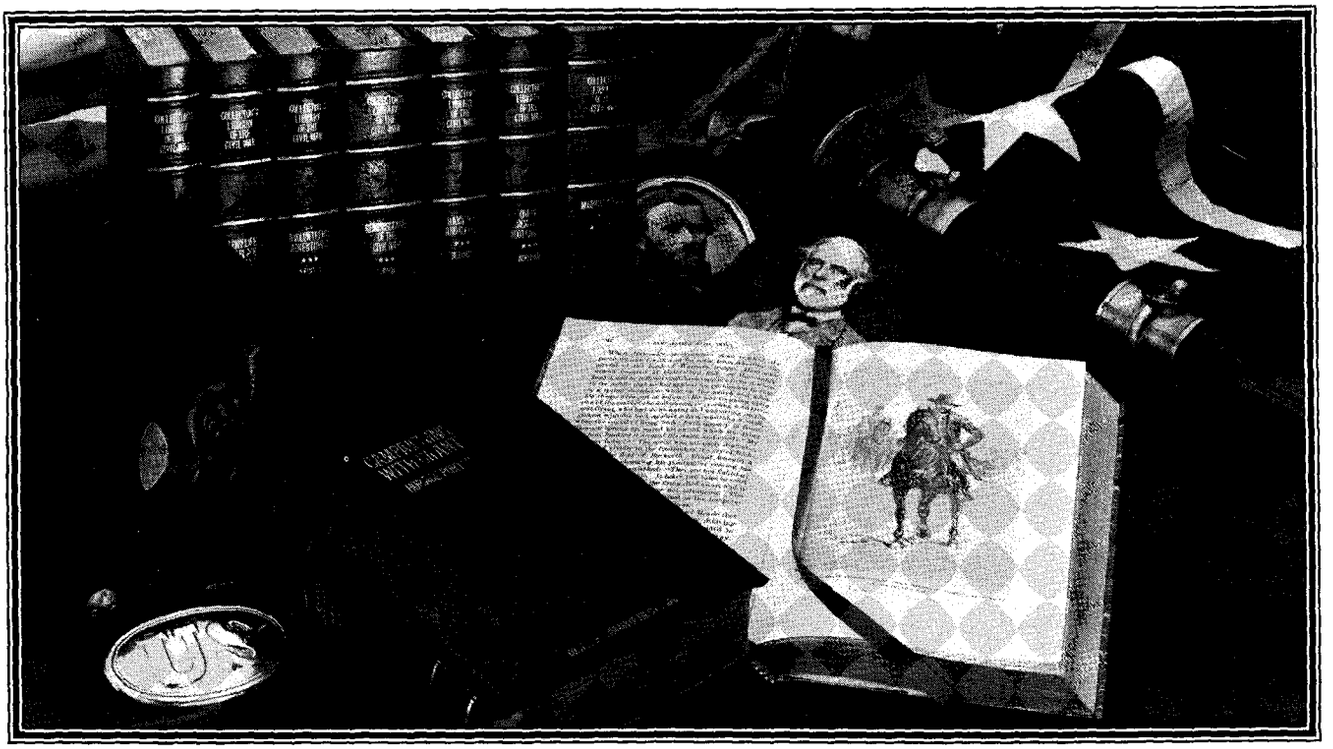

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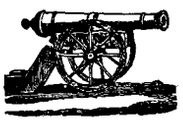

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courage. . . . By 1982, it was an axiom in the White House that Reagan, like so many of his predecessors, would be a one-term President."

Whether that is an axiom in the White House or not, it is most certainly a devout prayer over at the Democratic National Committee, where enthusiasm for running a candidate against Ronald Reagan is at an historic low.

UNLIKE CANNON, I happen to think Reagan will run again in 1984—and will mop up the floor with whatever fall-guy the Democrats persuade to run against him. The American people know a good thing when they see it, and they see it in Reagan. Partly this is because, as Cannon concedes, "the conservatism of which Reagan had once seemed an unlikely champion increasingly represented the central dogma . . . of the nation itself." And partly it is because Reagan's sheer *healthiness*—as a patriot, as a husband, and as a human being—appeals mightily to Americans of every party, race, and class. Already he looms as a major figure, even among Presidents: Cannon acknowledges that "the impact of his Presidency will resonate for many years."

Lou baby, you ain't seen nothin' yet. □

RANDOM NOTES

■ MORE SEPTEMBER TITLES: The latest novel by Graham Greene is *Monsignor Quixote* (Simon & Schuster, $12.95), a contemporary—and much slighter—version of the Cervantes story. . . . *Pound/Ford: The Story of a Literary Friendship* (New Directions, $29.95), edited and with an introduction and commentary by Brita Lindberg-Seyersted, is an interesting volume about a thirty-year-long friendship between two very dissimilar writers.

John Barker's *The Superhistorians: Makers of Our Past* (Scribner's, $19.95) is a study of 13 Western writers (Herodotus and Thucydides; Toynbee and Wells; Augustine and Machiavelli; etc.) whose works illustrate the theory that "The history of history is at bottom the story of man reappraising himself." . . . *Tumultuous Years: The Presidency of Harry S. Truman 1949-1953* (Norton, $19.95) is the second and concluding volume of an admiring study by a solid historian named Robert J. Donovan, formerly head of the Washington Bureau of the *Los Angeles Times*. . . . *Big Business and Presidential Power: From FDR to Reagan* (Morrow, $17), by Jim McQuaid, is an interesting study of how businessmen have learned to profit from their forced relationship with activist government. . . . John Dornberg's *Munich 1923: The First Full Story of Hitler's Early Grab for Power* (Harper & Row, $16.95) looks like a fascinating account of the Beer Hall Putsch, in which Hitler tried but failed to seize the Bavarian government. The future Führer fled into the Alps, where he attempted the suicide he achieved 22 years later.

■ THE SPORTING SCENE: *Fishing "The Big Three" with Ted Willams: Tarpon, Bonefish, and Atlantic Salmon* (Simon & Schuster, $15.95), by John Underwood and Ted Wiliams, is a lovely book about sport fishing at its most exalted. Williams, the retired Red Sox star, is an engaging as well as an avid fisherman, and he is perfectly complemented here by Underwood, a most competent writer. —CW

A Man's Life: An Autobiography
By Roger Wilkins
Simon & Schuster, 384 pp., $17.95

PRIVILEGE, AFTER ALL

JOSEPH SOBRAN

Except that his father died young, Roger Wilkins has had an enviable life. He was born into modest prosperity during the Depression; he was socially well connected (his uncle was Roy Wilkins of the NAACP); his parents and his stepfather (a doctor) could have aspirations for him, and he went to law school (the University of Michigan). He has worked for the NAACP, the Justice Department, the Ford Foundation, the *Washington Post*, the *New York Times*.

But there was a catch: he was black. There was another catch: he came from the genteel Negro middle class at a time when the popular image of blackness was raw, poverty-stricken, angry. It made for a bitter life as odd man out. He was afraid whites, to whose society he aspired, would cut him (not exactly a paranoid anxiety); other blacks might envy him, like the playmate who called him a "technicolor paddy" ("paddy" meaning "honky").

So *A Man's Life* should have been an even more interesting book than it is. The trouble is that Wilkins has almost no insight into himself. If he could have simply recognized that for himself race was a problem of status, not poverty or discrimination or being locked into a pathological social ring of crime and drink and drugs, we might have had a fascinating inside story of two establishments, black and white, one a satellite of the other. Instead Wilkins confuses his own status problems with the ills that afflict poor blacks, and we get a muddled, posturing book, full of fierce twaddle about "my continuing growth from the struggle," interspersed with relentless name-dropping.

Status, or social respect, is not a trivial matter, though the utilitarian side of America doesn't understand it very wll. Snubs really hurt, and for a reason. It is nothing to be embarrassed about, except that to acknowledge the pain is itself to endanger one's status somewhat. Wilkins remembers all the little cuts he has ever suffered, but he never gets the problem into focus. So, *à la mode*, he translates his own status woes into a generalized sociopolitical wail, claiming kinship with victims of other, earthier kinds of hardship.

He has long been welcomed here and there in the white establishment as a spokesman for those victims, but he hardly knew them. In Tom Wolfe's *Radical Chic* he is quoted as saying that the poor were reduced to eating dog food; during the Janet Cooke episode he insisted that the story of "Jimmy" rang true, as if an eight-year-old ghetto boy could sustain a fifty-dollar-a-day drug habit. He naïvely bought contradictory liberal stereotypes about "his" people. Those stereotypes were, in a sense, his bread and butter—and his claim to status.

Today he is bitter at whites in general, and he has moved into a poor black section of Washington to make a point. He is trying to be black, trying to celebrate blackness, vilifying whiteness. Racism, as he defines it confusedly, seems to be exclusively white. Since ethnocentrism is universal, he ought to ponder why it is that "racism" was defined as a sin by whites. As far as he is concerned, the issue is simple enough:

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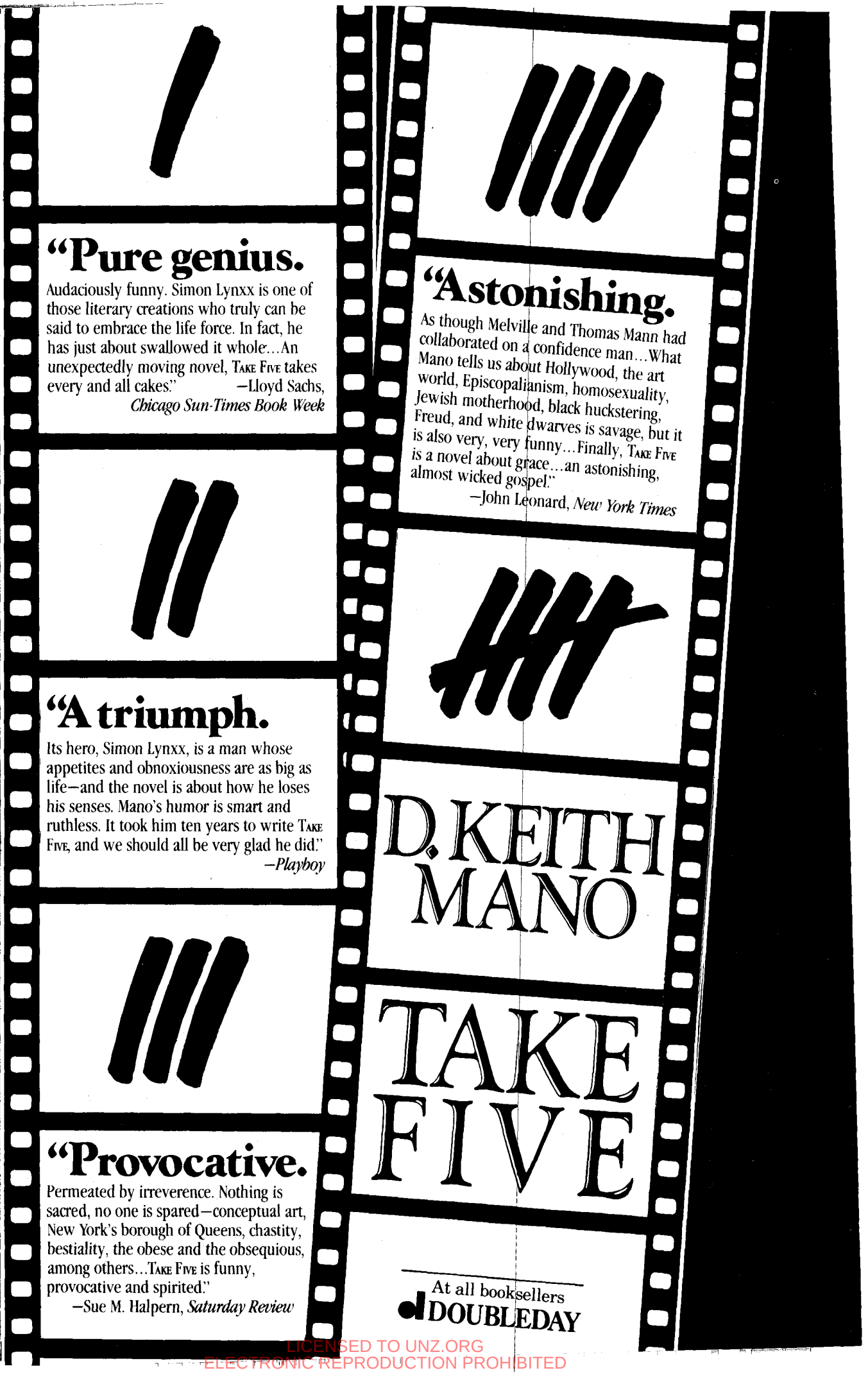
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—Sue M. Halpern, Saturday Review
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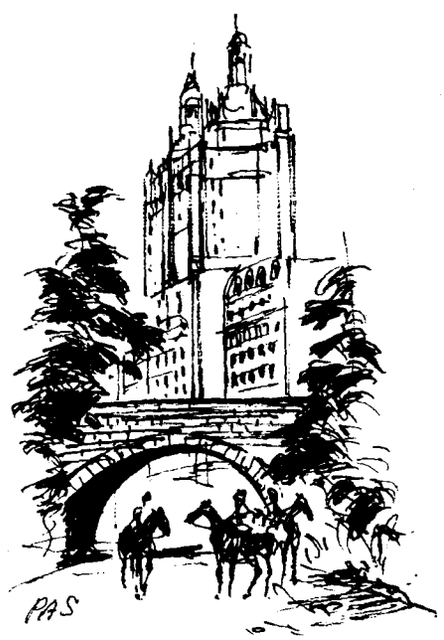
whites have humiliated Roger Wilkins, ergo all racism is white racism.

So fashionably politicized is his consciousness that the story has no recesses of privacy: public life, social life, and sex life all appear on one plane, so that his inmost thoughts sound like career moves. "By that time the evil in Joe McCarthy's methods had become apparent even to me." Lyndon Johnson thought "the security interests of the United States required that we stay the route in Vietnam. Wiser friends of mine, including Eve, didn't buy that for a minute. By the fall of 1967, neither did I." "I had bought the fantasy of white superiority, the notion that my thick lips and kinky hair were somehow inferior to the genetic legacies of Europe." "Why was Nixon so nervous? I couldn't make anything out of it. There were just a lot of questions that I thought ought to be answered." "On a beautiful Sunday early in April, we were married by Dave Dinkins, a black friend who is City Clerk in New York, at Pam and Tom Wicker's townhouse on East 80th Street. The only people there besides the Wickers were Ron and Charlayne Gault and Ramsey and Georgia Clark." "Despite the concern and affection of dear friends like Richard Harris, Lisle Carter, Ramsey Clark, Kenneth Clark, and Mac Bundy, I was terribly alone."

He finally comes to conclusions so banal as to make you wonder if they can be the culmination of four hundred pages, let alone fifty years of a man's life: "I have seen too much to be able to retain the blind patriotism of my youth." He accuses Ronald Reagan and David Stockman of implying "that I have no place here" in America. His short list of heroes features black athletes. It is depressing that his outlook can be so narrow after a lifetime of what has been, after all, privilege.



The white establishment has pampered him, and the result is that he is terribly soured on all things white. He seems to have known all along that it was giving him everything but true respect; and that he can't forgive. Counterfeit status turned out to be humiliating in its own way. But he accepted it, and now he is trying to live it down by biting the hand that fed him candies. □

A Full Life
By Helen Gahagan Douglas
Doubleday, 444 pp., $19.95

SPEAKING OUT

D. KEITH MANO

Helen Gahagan Douglas is remembered for the same reason that Aleksandr Kerensky and Atahualpa are remembered: all three got beaten hatch over hold by famous hard-pool players. Before Nixon crypto-martyrized her, however, Helen Gahagan had had more than one notable career. At 22 she was a major shine on Broadway. At 26 she gave it up for opera: which is rather like a male nurse giving it up for micro-surgery. Still, Miss Gahagan caught serious acclaim throughout Europe. Some short time later she wed Melvyn Douglas and both sort of drifted into New Deal politics, the way you or I might drift into hypoglycemia, say. With no hassle whatever, Mrs. Douglas won a House seat. Then, after the Nixon hemorrhage, she ran her long life off in board directorships, social service, and "speaking out." (Note: Only a liberal can speak out. Conservatives, we must assume, just rant.) This autobiography is a tribute to steadfast principle, great personal charm, and pluggish work—must be that because, otherwise, I could discern scarce one repeatable insight or earlobe dab of humor in it.

Mrs. Douglas was a type specimen: the paradigmatic anti-Communist liberal. Something that Adlai Stevenson and Eleanor Roosevelt might've begotten on each other if they could've stopped talking long enough. And, to tell truth, one yearns for that human genre: it had grace and assurance and patriotic nerve. In Congress Helen supported world government, water reclamation, civilian A-bomb control, and General Marshall's plan with the tenacity of a jump-rope chant. You couldn't deflect her. She saw to it that the House staff cafeteria got integrated (a legislative scandal even in 1946). From her first political tee shot I doubt if she stood down on any substantive issue. Mrs. Douglas, for instance, was long a member of Henry Wallace's pit crew. Yet in 1948 she let him go hang upwind. "I could see that radicals of the Left, many of them Communists, were taking over the splinter organization." Nixon called her a "Pink Lady." What would that make, oh, Michael Harrington: the Scarlet Pimpernel?

Her text and prose style, though, are about as nourishing as a spritz of Diet Binaca. Mrs. Douglas doesn't care to entertain you: that would be beneath her. People of spectacular physical loveliness, strong home life, and early success have an absolutism about them. Even though it doomed her run against Nixon, Mrs. Douglas had to vote against the McCarran Act. She thought that HUAC was a dangerous midden heap. You can disagree, but her stand was honorable and certainly expensive. "I did uphold contempt citations for people who wouldn't even give their name to HUAC. They were silly." Mrs. Douglas is talking about a different kind of contempt. Her tone, which is *never* silly, dismisses absolutely here. "The Balinese taught me a trick that I later used in Congress. If a Balinese is oppressed by someone, the solution is mentally to discard the offender. Imagine the person has disappeared from the face of the earth and carry on."

Melvyn Douglas, who has written a short introduction, tells us that Helen almost didn't mention Nixon at all. Apparently Nixon had long been a victim of her Balinese trick. Indeed the Nixon chapter is so fair and mellow as to be downright disappointing. "Nixon later claimed that he didn't invent the 'dirty tricks' in his campaign against me, that he only embellished what [right-wing] Democrats . . . had begun. There is some truth in that." And her retrospective analysis has admirable balance to it. "Korea was the critical element in Nixon's victory. I think that with it, he didn't need his smear tactics. . . . I had been all over the country talking about

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the UN and what it could do to avert war—and here we were in Korea under a UN flag." Her personal sureness must've antagonized Nixon. She simply didn't want the office as much as he did and Nixon couldn't forgive her for that. In passing she will muse, "Perhaps I shouldn't have been so above-it-all . . ." That was a class difference. And Nixon, the climber, must've felt it.

A Full Life extrapolates well. From it you can surmise much about 1960-1970 radicalism. That unpleasant, long moment was probably more a revolt against patrician liberal leadership—Helen Gahagan Douglas or Adlai Stevenson—than against conservative America. Douglas et ilk, with their humorless, inflexible sense of what had to be corrected, forced New Leftism up. It was Mrs. Douglas's culture that the Left was countering. Meanwhile, a dozen Kennedys aped her reassurance to cover their cynical pragmatism. I prefer men or women like Mrs. Douglas (and Reagan), whose political motivation will derive from innate self-confidence, to those who run out of fear or anger or merely to keep moving. You may not like Helen Gahagan Douglas—still, even people you dislike can have their epigones. □

The Second American Revolution and Other Essays (1976-1982)
By Gore Vidal
Random House, 278 pp., $15

CATCHING A BUZZ

THOMAS MALLON

In this fifth collection of essays by the most literary of the recent aspirants toward the Senate seat of S. I. Hayakawa, the reader will find enough of Gore Vidal's familiar peeves and idiolect to make him feel thoroughly at home. All the bees are still hiving under that brilliant bonnet, swat as their keeper will at them. The "hacks of Academe," "Christers," writers of mere description, Truman Capote, those "hustler-plagiarist" directors acclaimed as *auteurs*, "book-chat"—even the use of "shrill" as a verb: they're all back for another beating.

The really new bee is Vidal's preoccupation in a number of these pieces with the need for a second constitutional convention, at which he would no doubt play George Mason, the political figure (with the possible exception of Nero) to whom he must feel closest. So eager is he to see the birth of a "Fourth [American] Republic" (never mind about the second and third) that he is willing to throw in his lot with the National Taxpayers Union and extreme Right-to-Lifers if that will mean the convention gets called: "Predictions that civil rights would have a rocky time at a new convention ignore the reality that the conglomeration of groups attending it will each have residual ethnic, ideological, religious, and local interests whose expression they will not want stifled. It is by no means clear that civil liberties would be submerged at a new convention. . . ."

These are amazingly blithe words from a man who is always getting whiffs of impending American gas chambers. The spectacle of Gore Vidal government-building with the Reverend Jerry Falwell could have its pleasures, but I would not wish to witness it other than from a safe distance in the afterlife. If Vidal would rather write constitutions than novels at this point, I don't think he should be encouraged. Let not even his admirers be bulled by Gore on this one.

And an admirer I certainly am. No one else in what he calls "the land of the tin ear" can combine better sentences into more elegantly sustained demolition derbies than Vidal does in some of his best essays. His attacks in this volume on the legend of F. Scott Fitzgerald, the confessions of LaBelle Lance, and the sorrows of Midge Decter rank close to his immortal "Doc Reuben," the funniest book review ever written by an American. (Born from a reading of *Everything You Always Wanted to Know about Sex, but Were Afraid to Ask*, it can be found in Vidal's *Homage to Daniel Shays*, 1972.) Sometimes the witty line gets smeared into a cheap graffito ("a Catskill hotel called the Hilton Kramer"), but the real *élan* Vidal—the wicked conspiracy of syntax and diction—is more often in evidence. On Edmund Wilson's diaries: "In *The Thirties*, I counted 24 references to shoes and feet; each, let me quickly say, belonging to a woman. When it came to shoes, Wilson was sternly heterosexual—not for him the stud's boot or the little lad's Ked."

Vidal actually admires Wilson. In fact most of the literary (as opposed to "political") essays in this volume are celebrations. Christopher Isherwood, L. Frank Baum (the author of the Oz books, "a truly subversive writer"), Thomas Love Peacock, Leonardo Sciascia, and V. S. Pritchett are, along with Wilson, praised, not nuked. Vidal's specific judgments proceed from his long holy war against the sterilities of academic criticism and "word-structure" novels that are written to be taught instead of read. These are very big bees, and for years of flailing against them Vidal deserves —however little he would like it—to be blessed. He has gone after literary insects not for the mere joy of the killing, but because he is trying to clear the air around the books he loves. The long piece on Baum shows him willing to be tender: "those who read his Oz books are often made what they were not—imaginative, tolerant, alert to wonders, life." Indeed, in a number of the essays on writing in this volume the famously mean lizard of page and tube comes very close to being positively sweet.

Vidal is by now getting a little sentimental about his own cynicism. He says he believes that "there is no more certain way of achieving perfect unpopularity in any society than to speak against the reigning pieties and agreed-upon mendacities." This is of course not so. After decades of listening to him direly proclaim "these last days of empire" just "as things begin to fall apart," one feels a sort of familiar affection for him. The *enfant* isn't quite so *terrible* any more; the spleen seems a little avuncular. I strongly suspect the apoca-

Thomas Mallon *is a professor of English at Vassar College. . . .* **Mitchell S. Ross** *is the author of* The Literary Politicians *and* Invitation to Our Times.

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lypse is much farther away than he thinks; the flames are, after all, not currently much higher than they were when, all those decades ago, his fiddle started to fan them. But—and here "but" is everything—the strings remain wonderfully in tune. □

Ambition
By Joseph Epstein
Dutton, 298 pp., $13.95

WINNERS AND LOSERS

MITCHELL S. ROSS

I have the feeling that the people who brought forth this book did so with doubts as to its complete worthiness. The jacket-copy writer at Dutton informs us that "Mr. Epstein is a sober man, but with a mind as lively and wide-ranging as that of a first-rate novelist," which makes me wonder if the jacket-copy writer thinks that a book about ambition would ordinarily be best written by a drunk. And Mr. Epstein himself, in a closing bibliographical note, says, "This is a book built upon other books, and hence, like other such books, quite fairly open to charges of piracy." This makes me wonder if the use of secondary sources for essayistic purposes is now held in ill repute at Northwestern University, where Mr. Epstein teaches literature, or by Phi Beta Kappa, which retains Mr. Epstein to edit *The American Scholar*.

Let there be reassurances all around. What we have here is an intelligent meditation on an interesting theme, written by a well-read man. Money, success, status—these are ongoing preoccupations in our society. If they could stand a more satiric touch than Epstein is inclined to give them, what of it? I am grateful to him for his presentation, and I am happy to do my own harpooning.

Epstein is respectful of ambition, an attitude he finds to be unfashionable among his students and readers. "In most respects . . . it appears that the more educated a person is, the more hopeless life seems to him. This being so, ambition, to the educated class, has come to seem pointless at best, vicious at worst. Ambition connotes a certain Rotarian optimism, a thing unseemly, in very poor taste, rather like a raging sexual appetite in someone quite elderly."

This observation seems to me less true today than it was a few years ago. The laid-back characters I remember from the early Seventies seem more preoccupied with getting and spending than they used to be. The chief symptom of this change is the maniacal fascination with real estate that one finds among educated Americans. The search for an earthly paradise on a middle-class budget has become really passionate. Much planning and scheming, highly ambitious in nature, is involved.

"One must be wary of ambition," Epstein writes, "one's own and the next fellow's, especially where it contends against things of the spirit, yet today most people have gone well beyond wariness into a crippling ambivalence." Perhaps this is true of academic society, but I have my doubts about the rest of America. Aggressive hypocrisy would, it seems to me, describe the situation better than crippling ambivalence. Epstein quotes Budd Schulberg on his character, Sammy Glick: "The Sammy-drive is still to be found everywhere in America, in every field of endeavor and among every racial group. It will survive as long as money and power are ends in themselves, running wild, unharnessed from usefulness." I think this is closer to the mark than Epstein's own assessment.

If there are deficiencies in Epstein as an observer, there are few in Epstein as a reader. He considers the lives of many eminent Americans—a cast ranging from Benjamin Franklin to Mark Twain, from Wallace Stevens to Henry Ford—and here he manages a deep reading of the degree to which the theme of success has haunted American lives. Much of the shallowness of American culture can be attributed to the national cult of success—the inability to distinguish between intrinsic excellence and extrinsic applause. Although not a uniquely American flaw, it does tend to assume exaggerated dimensions in this country. Why else, in the wealthiest nation in history, would good, serious books have a hard time finding publishers?

Then again, this book found a publisher. And all is not sadness in the lives of distinguished Americans: if you consider the career of a Scott Fitzgerald you must also consider the career of a Wallace Stevens, as plumply content as a cat and surviving to a ripe age. Say what you will about the quality of American life, we have been, and remain, free to break molds.

Most lives, great and small, successes and failures, merit mixed reviews—a point that Epstein wisely notes. "One cannot speak of winners and losers," he writes, "unless there is some rough agreement on fundamentals. But agreement on fundamentals is far from being had at this time in the United States of America. How important is work in one's life? Is achievement more important than happiness? Are the two separable? Does one truly have the obligation to make the best use of one's gifts? What is the just reward for a life of effort, and is it commensurate with the effort? When such questions are even asked—as they are, repeatedly, nowadays—fundamentals are in dispute, and no scorecard exists to tell the winners from the losers." □

SOUND ON DISC

VERDI UNADORNED, BEETHOVEN STRAIGHT

RALPH de TOLEDANO

"I am not in the habit of altering my compositions once they are finished," Beethoven wrote to a friend, ". . . for I hold firmly that the slightest change alters the character of a composition." It was this sense of the logic of a score that caused him to annotate his works meticulously with expression, tempo, and dynamics instructions so that the conductor would know precisely what was expected of him—no more, no less. And he felt so strongly that a composer's tempos should be respected that he once suggested to a critic that all performers should be provided at cost with metronomes.

What Berlioz remarked in disgust about Wagner's conducting—"*sempre tempo rubato*"—could have been said in the same tone by Beethoven. And

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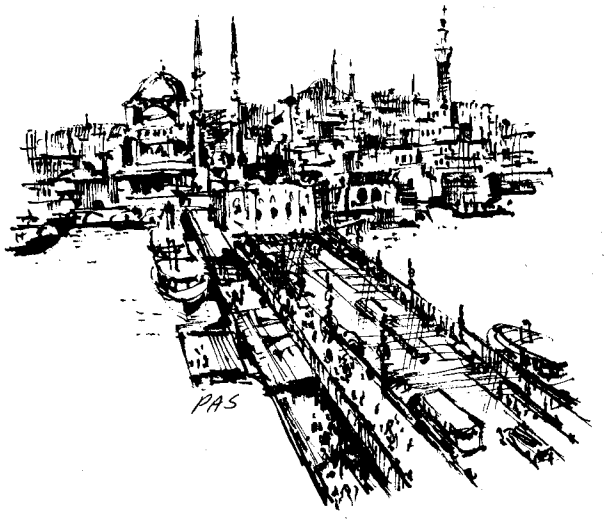

certainly he would have been happy with Jean Baptiste Lully, who many years before had conducted with a heavy stick which he pounded on the floor to ensure instrumental and rhythmic precision. There is, after all, enough passion in a Beethoven score to restrain a conductor from interjecting his own orgasms. For the great conductor, there is no need to do his setting-up exercises in performance.

Otto Klemperer made the point succinctly when he wrote, back in the Forties, "The unadorned performance is best." Klemperer was often criticized for being "foursquare" and "Germanic" in his conducting—and, in a nonpejorative sense, the criticism is accurate. The role of the conductor is to present the composer's intent as faithfully as possible, not to impress an audience with his balletomaniacal gifts, or to impress his own personality on the music before him. The Klemperer approach may be lacking in box office appeal or the ability to stir the languid juices of the critics, but it makes for good music.

As Exhibit A, I submit a remarkable collection of Beethoven recordings—48 boxed sides of the orchestral works—issued at the equally remarkable price of $77.99 by Blue Angel (1738 Allied Street, Charlottesville, Va. 22901). Here, in *Klemperer Conducts Beethoven*, are the nine symphonies, the *Missa Solemnis*, the five piano concertos with Daniel Barenboim as soloist, the operatic overtures, and Yehudi Menuhin playing the violin concerto. They are conducted in Klemperer's way—which means Beethoven with no razzle-dazzle and none of the Toscanini "wow technique" so justly discerned by Virgil Thomson.

There may be some regret that Schnabel is not the soloist in the piano concertos, or Isaac Stern in the violin concerto. Stern is, of course, matchless in technique and sensibility, and no one measures up to Schnabel even when he strikes wrong notes. But Barenboim understands and articulates Beethoven's scores with sensitivity and muscularity—both of which are required. And though Menuhin's high notes, when he gets close to the bridge, lack the purity and authority of Stern's, his performance is suffused with lyric depth and grace.

What Klemperer's Beethoven proves is that taking liberties with the score and making it a conductor's holiday is fun only for the conductor. For if Klemperer is "foursquare," he still extracts all the fierce sorrow and joyousness that explode in Beethoven, the grandeur and the complexity, leaving the flame of genius still gem-like.

LISTENING TO records is a kind of comparison shopping, so indulge me.

For years I have treasured Toscanini's recording of *La Traviata* (Licia Albanese, Jan Peerce, Robert Merrill, and the NBC Orchestra) taken from the 1946 broadcasts. Verdi was Big T's forte—and where he might make Mozart sound like "Heigh-ho, Silver" he responded fully and superlatively to the sobs and throbs of Verdi's great operas. I say "sobs and throbs" without condescension. Even when Verdi's line is purest, as in the "Salce" and "Ave Maria" of the *Otello*, there is always a wonderful bravura quality to the operas —and Toscanini made the most of it.

Though the RCA version of Verdi's festive tragedy has a certain flatness of recorded sound, it held up over its later competitors. I have now found a replacement in the resplendent recording issued by Angel (DSCX 3920). Riccardo Muti's reading of *La Traviata* has the necessary vitality, but with it is an edge of introspection which I find very affecting. Renata Scotto, moreover, is a better Violetta than Albanese, though Peerce was a more convincing Alfredo than Alfredo Kraus. Verdi suffered much at the hands of conductors and soloists, as his letters agonizingly attest. The Muti traversal has the artistry to let him be. And since the music is filtered through stereo components, the quality of recorded sound would alone make the Muti superior to the Toscanini. Perhaps someday the recording engineers will develop a musical time machine so that we can have Toscanini and Gigli and Renata Tebaldi conjoined at the peak of their singing and conducting in one recording. I can dream . . . □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

J. P. MORGAN JR., 1867-1943, *by John D. Forbes (University Press of Virginia, 262 pp., $20).* "I had a note from father before he sailed! He ends by saying he 'hates to go more and more every moment.' I am more than sorry he felt he had to do it. But I suppose when a man reaches the point when he thinks nothing can move along without him a holiday becomes an impossible thing. I only hope it will never come to that with me. Probably it won't owing to the fact that things always will move on without me." Morgan Jr. wrote this to his mother when he was 32, and still serving his apprenticeship, which he would continue to do until his father died, 14 years later. He was, of course, right. Even when he succeeded to the post of senior partner of J. P. Morgan & Co., things tended to move along without him, a tribute to his own shrewd management, certainly, as much as to his father's design and construction of the House of Morgan. This is the first biography of J. P. Morgan Jr., and it is a detailed, carefully documented, mainly objective, and strictly chronological tale, with the exception of a chapter on Morgan as bibliophile. The author, who has also written a biography of Edward Stettinius Sr., a partner of Morgan Sr., unfolds his subject's life year by year, and at times deal by deal. He gives the itinerary of noted watering holes the banker visited each year, including Climax, North Carolina; Jekyll Island, Georgia; Matinicock Point, Long Island; Wall Hall, his estate in England; Bar Harbor, Maine; Camp Uncas in the Adirondacks; and Gannochy, Scotland, where he shot grouse. This was life lived in the grand style, but Morgan believed in his privacy, and so, until now, he has seemed as aloof and enigmatic as the Sphinx. There was, of course, a price to pay: "Throughout his life, he was subjected to intermittent harassment and abuse, less on personal grounds than because he was a convenient symbol and his persecutors hoped to gain some personal or ideological advantage from the attack," the author notes. As a result, he was often embroiled

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in congressional hearings, investigations, and the politics of the day. Efforts to connect him with political skulduggery consistently failed to turn anything up. What Morgan believed in to the end was the capitalist freedom of Adam Smith, and if he was not articulate about it, at least he was not a phony pundit or a fraud.

JOE MYSAK

FLIM-FLAM! *by James Randi (Lippincott/Crowell, 340 pp., $12.95).* One of the hallmarks of the counterculture movement of the late Sixties and the Seventies was the supernatural revival. From ESP to gurus to astrology, anything that went against the grain of Western science and logic was latched onto and uncritically accepted. But cultural dementia can last for only so long, and already the pendulum has begun swinging back toward rationality and sanity. Unlike most prominent foes of unreason (such as Isaac Asimov and Carl Sagan), James Randi is not a professional scientist. He is a magician and escape artist, a line of work which gives him two special advantages. One is his conjurer's eye: he is trained to look for misdirection, sleight-of-hand, and chicanery and thus can not only spot humbug, but interpret it for the lay reader. The second advantage is a bit more indirect. Since he is an outside researcher, he feels under no professional obligation to be nice to what he sees as academic gullibility and out-and-out fraud. Therefore, *Flim-Flam!* is written in a juicy, knock-'em-down style. Randi takes on the heavies of the para-normal scene—von Däniken, UFOs, Uri Geller, TM—and feeds them into the meat grinder of critical investigation. One recurring theme in *Flim-Flam!* is the sloppy quality of most para-normal inquiry. Carelessness and selective interpretation which would be intolerable in other fields of research are all too common in supernatural investigation. As Randi shows (the book is *very* well documented), the scientific method is often twisted and bent to accommodate the investigatee. Underlying his whole thesis—and explaining his profound distaste for para-normal flummery—is Randi's excitement about real life. Walking on the moon beats bending spoons any time. "Throw away the Tarot deck and ignore the astrology column," he writes. "They are products offered you by charlatans who think you are not the marvelous, capable, independent being you are."

JACK KIRWAN

COMING ATTRACTIONS, *by Fannie Flagg (Morrow, 320 pp., $12.95).* Call this a classic case of underemployment. Miss Flagg, a veteran of TV talk and game shows and co-star of NBC's underwhelming series *Harper Valley*, has published her first novel. Her debut is boffo. Through the device of a diary, we observe Daisy Fay Harper's life as she advances from age 12 to early adulthood in the Mississippi of the 1950s. Miss Flagg has accurately pegged the emotions and expressions of a teenaged girl, as Daisy Fay (named for a vase of flowers in her mother's maternity room) comments on a life that is wild and improbable by any standard. Her chipped tooth is given equal status with her father's excessive drinking and business failures, and the breakup of her parents' marriage may be no less important than a cutting remark by her longtime rival Kay Bob Benson. Despite the upheavals in her life, Daisy Fay's precocious spunk impresses other characters, and it is through their help that she is enabled to enter the Miss Mississippi contest, where the novel climaxes. Miss Flagg has been more than a little influenced by Flannery O'Connor, and shares her gift for handling the absurd in Southern life. But in the long run, Miss Flagg's own talent carries the day. The novel is an extremely fast read—I gulped it down in three sittings—and, for most of the way, the reader doesn't know whether to laugh or cry. *Coming Attractions* has all the earmarks of an Official Feminist Novel, but a closer examination reveals the more universal theme of triumphing over life's circumstances. If this novel is any indication, Miss Flagg should spend more of her time at the typewriter. It may be profitable, in more ways than one.

GERARD EINHAUS

DEATH UNDER SAIL, *by C. P. Snow (Scribner's, 255 pp., $10.95).* The Scribner's business department apparently wanted a memento for Lord Snow's fans while his obituary was still fresh in their minds, so it chose his first book, a murder mystery published in 1932. It is doubtful the editorial department had a hand in the reissue. The book is in many ways better than his last novel, *A Coat of Varnish*, also a mystery story; it certainly is more successful at what mysteries are supposed to do—entertain. But beginner's flaws mar it, and the passage of fifty years shows in its prose. Seven friends go for a holiday on the yacht of one of them, a jolly but inept physician. As the boat drifts around a bend on the English Broads they find the doctor dead at the rudder, a bullet through his heart. It is a locked-room problem afloat. As a scene for solving the riddle, Snow provides a manse on the riverbank, and for a diversion a cranky housekeeper to oversee the proceedings. As none of the vacationers can be trusted to solve the crime dispassionately, each being a suspect, Snow introduces a silver-tongued stranger named Finbow. Subtle interrogations by candlelight. Midnight skull sessions in a rowboat. Finbow's sense of the theatrical is as fine as his rhetoric. Bit by bit, motives for murder emerge. But, like most mysteries, it grows tiresome three-fourths of the way through. Finbow's charm accomplishes too much too neatly. His carefully stage-managed probings take place, after a while, at Snow's convenience. They move the plot, but they don't ring true. So much for problems common to the genre. The book also suffers from an annoying syntactical fault—the ambiguous adjective. "She writhed a long thin arm round his neck" as opposed, no doubt, to her short fat arm. Each chapter has half a dozen of these. They break the mood of mystery, a mortal sin that modern readers, jaded as they are, won't forgive a writer living or dead.

PAUL T. HORNAK

SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE, *by Peter De Vries (Little, Brown, 232 pp., $11.95).* Peter De Vries's new book, like its 19 predecessors, is a madly funny, slightly chaotic charge on yet another shaky outpost of the common wisdom—in this case, the Women's Lib crusade against on-the-job sexual harassment. The plot is simple, sort of: Roberta Diesel of *Femme* magazine (yes, you heard right) sends her old college chum Daisy Dobbin into the offices of *Metropole*, another magazine, to do undercover research for an exposé on office hanky-panky, with special emphasis on the noontime exploits of one Dog Bokum, a male nymphomaniac in the makeup department who is so depraved he thinks *Playboy* glorifies women. Things go downhill—fast—from there. Of course, the real subject of this amiably preposterous farrago of a novel is the war between men and women, and this latest installment of Mr. De Vries's long-running commentary on that most inexhaustible of topics is a crazed gem from start to finish. If S. J. Perelman had been a lapsed Calvinist with a knack for getting from one chapter to the next . . . well, he might have written *Sauce for the Goose*. Read it and weep.

TERRY TEACHOUT

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Dark Horses

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

In 1962 Fred P. Corson, president of the World Methodist Council and a bishop in the Methodist Church, wrote an essay entitled "Facing the Communist Menace," published in *Christianity Today*. Corson wrote:

> Before making agreements with Russia, the Free World must ask: "How good is Communism?" To date we seem to be answering this question in terms of its military strength, scientific invention, and mass education. These facts are but secondary. The main consideration is ethical. What character, what kind of personality the moral philosophy of Communism produces should determine the trustworthiness of Communism and our evaluation thereof. . . . Chesterton once observed that when you rent a room to someone, the real question to ask is not where he works or how much money he has, but rather, what is his philosophy of life. The advice could apply to nations also.

Twenty years later it would come as almost as much of a shock to read a Methodist bishop delivering himself of such an opinion as it would to find him quoting Chesterton; even in 1962 (as in 1932) the Corsons were an anomaly. Today the United Methodist denomination is little more than a Sunday picnic society for intramural socialists to whom a funny thing happened on their way toward the Moral Majority, but whose leaders are often dangerous and anything but risible. Today the Methodists write sentences like: ". . . In keeping with the biblical hope for a new creation . . . our hopes move in the direction of socialism . . ." But really, why pick on the Methodists? As Harold Lindsell says, "Wherever one goes and whatever one reads about Roman Catholics, it appears that socialism is a live option . . ."

Dr. Lindsell is Editor Emeritus of *Christianity Today* and the author of many books. His latest is *Free Enterprise: A Judaeo-Christian Defense* (Tyndale House, Wheaton, Ill. 60185; $5.95): a tough little terrier of a book devoted to Trumanesque plain speaking and of which it would be merely exaggeration to say that for its bursts of explosive impatience it reads at times like those letters Harry liked to write but never mailed. Defenses such as this one are salient peaks on the contemporary intellectual landscape; one thinks for example of Michael Novak's *The Spirit of Democratic Capitalism*. But where Novak builds his case on the Protestant ethic, implying that there is something out of whack about Catholic economics, Lindsell goes to the root. Nowhere in the Bible, he shows, is there any justification for the infernal marriage of socialism and Christianity. All of Christ's relevant utterances are addressed to a society in which a free economy is the norm, and with which the Savior has no generic quarrel.

As I DON'T like the look of that last sentence, I hasten to add that the antecedent to Dr. Lindsell's book is something by C. S. Lewis, not Bruce Barton. Socialism, he argues, cannot be separated from atheism. Free enterprise derives from the Western moral and social tradition, which in turn finds its authority in Scripture, and beyond that in the natural law, with which Scripture, at a crucial moment in history, refamiliarized humanity.

"Those who think of property as something external to man, consisting of only material possessions, have a very narrow view of property," Lindsell remarks. And there, briefly, is the artichoke heart of his book. Economic freedom is only one of many freedoms; and yet it lies, at least objectively, at the root of all of them. "Property begins with people themselves and the right to all things in themselves"—their talents, their hopes, their aspirations, their little wants. "These properties are indivisible. Take away external property from people and internal property is the next and ultimate victim."

The supernatural resonance of those simple sentences is of such aggressiveness, I think, as to absolve the reviewer from further recapitulation of Mr. Lindsell's admirable little book. □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Exit Reaganomics?

On The Right

New York, July 26—The collapse of Reaganomics (as the event is accurately being described) is testimony to a failure of both nerve and understanding. Senator Robert Dole, the chairman of the Finance Committee, who mobilized all 11 Republican senators on the committee to vote for the highest single peacetime tax increase in U.S. history (in round figures, $100 billion), is suddenly being greeted as a hero —by Democrats. And with good reason. In the first place he has thrown in with voodoo redistributionism, by coming in with a tax bill substantially aimed at higher-income taxpayers and corporations. And he has baptized that bill as a Republican measure (all the Democratic senators voted against it); so that Republicans running for re-election will have the choice of explaining to their constituents either a) that Americans are under-taxed; or b) that Reagan made an awful ass of himself in 1981 by asking for more tax reductions than he should have. I suppose a finished politician will come up with a third way of saying it, but if I were his Democratic opponent, I wouldn't let him get away with it.

Senator Dole and his Republican colleagues appear incapable of making one or two very simple declarations.

THE FIRST of these is that the progressive rate of taxation is too steep. Americans who work, who earn income, who provide jobs by investing that income, or who provide markets by spending that income have been penalized. Taxed too much. Moreover, taxed without the explicit consent of their representatives in Congress. The tax on $10,000 in 1972 was 7.5 per cent. In 1980, it had grown to 10 per cent. Up one-third. The tax in 1972 on $30,000 was 14.7 per cent. In 1980, it had grown to 21 per cent. Up almost 50 per cent. The idea, then, was to flatten the progressive curve because its steepness had begun to choke economic enterprise. We are scheduled to spend 23 per cent of every dollar on government this year. Twenty years ago that figure stood at 13 per cent.

The original idea (Kemp-Roth) was to reduce taxes evenhandedly. Since everyone knows that 10 per cent of $100,000 is more than 10 per cent of $10,000, the Reaganites should have been prepared for all that rhetoric about favoring the rich. But not having stressed the risks of excessive progressivity, they proved unready for it. Came the big media ululations about the rich. So along comes Dole with a complicated 24-point tax increase, aimed primarily at depressing exactly those people and enterprises we need at this moment to energize. Why increase taxes on corporations, when corporations are earning at the lowest rate in years, and are going bankrupt in the greatest number since the Depression? Why are we so concerned to get more money from General Motors, when General Motors is already losing money?

And we are going now to tax dividends and savings at the source. The same President who, as governor of California, denounced the withholding tax would preside over its extension to bank accounts. Why? To feed more money, more quickly, to the government. Which means the banks will need to charge more interest to pay for the paperwork. Oh yes, and if they work longer hours, they'll smoke more cigarettes and, paying higher taxes, will swell the government revenues. So will you do when you telephone, or travel by airplane. The airlines are losing money, so tax air travel.

The philosophical basis of Reaganomics was in part that people overtaxed don't do as much. And in part that government does too much. Senator Dole has capitulated on both fronts. One must hope that the President's tacit approval of Dole's bill was wrung from him in the middle of a coughing fit, during which Mr. Reagan could not collect his senses. Or that he will now regroup his forces, fight it out in the House, and veto the bloody thing: on the grounds that when he said he wanted to reduce taxes and reduce government, he didn't mean the opposite of that. □

MIDDLE EAST MESS

New York, July 30—Concerning the mess in the Mideast, a few observations:

1. The gradual transformation of the public image of Yasir Arafat is something to behold. For the last ten consecutive days he has appeared on the network news kissing a baby. The only problem he has here is that his rhetorical advance-men suggest that there are no live babies left in Beirut. At this rate, if he appears often enough, he is going to have to come up with an explanation of sorts—imported babies, or whatever. It recedes from the memory that Arafat is the leader of forces quite prepared to put bombs in the buses of Israeli schoolchildren in order to further terrorism against Israel.

2. On the other hand, Arafat has an objective leverage here on public opinion. In fact the PLO, from its enclave in West Beirut, does not pose a threat to the northern border of Israel, and Israel, having stalled for this length of time, has difficulty in applying the license of hot pursuit. If the momentum of the initial entry into Lebanon had been pursued, Mr. Begin might have excused his military effort on the grounds that, having chased the terrorists from their southern positions along the border of Israel, he was prepared to pursue them wherever they went in order finally to disarm them. The stabilization of the past few weeks has worked to the advantage of the PLO. To press against them at this late date, given that doing so would require decimating the civilian population of West Beirut, would suggest a kind of aggressiveness by the Israelis which the world generically opposes. It is not acknowledged that it is an Israeli right to reach into any country, anywhere, to do battle against its enemies in that country. The gradual rehabilitation of Lebanon as a putatively independent country—thanks primarily to Israel—makes the pursuit into Beirut an act of aggression against Lebanon, rather than a retaliation against the PLO.

3. Henry Kissinger has observed that one needs, however sadly, to face it: in the world of power politics, to ease the tension in any situation is at the same time to reduce those pressures that conduce to resolution. So that while we may have succeeded, during the past two weeks, in sparing many innocent Lebanese, and this we have reason to be grateful for, it is a fact that the insulation given to the PLO results in a renewed intransigence it was not in a position to exercise when it looked as though it had only a few hours to live. We have, in short, by doing what was morally the correct thing, prolonged the crisis: the crisis being the survival of the PLO, free to reorganize, and to fight again.

4. But the PLO has shown a weakness

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not heretofore obvious. Nobody wants it. Egypt has agreed to accept the PLO—but only in emasculated condition, and these are terms Arafat has flatly refused. And Libya! The holy homeland of Palestinian terrorism! The sanctuary to which assassins in Munich, or hijackers from anywhere, can safely repair. From Libya's Qaddafi, all the PLO was able to get was the suggestion that they all commit suicide in Beirut in order to "rekindle" Palestinian determination. Mr. Qaddafi is known as a hard-liner, as is Arafat, but one can understand it if Mr. Arafat draws the line at an auto-da-fé. His business is killing other people, not himself.

The weakness of the PLO, its failure to be invited even by the big bankroller, the Saudis, is one of two major revelations of the past fortnight. The other being to the considerable disadvantage of Israel.

5. Because as the military threat of the PLO diminishes in the public perception, so its aspirations become more reasonable. For so long as the Palestinian cause was identified with the destruction of Israel, it could gain only contingent sympathy. But when the PLO is reduced to an Arafat with a couple of thousand troops, the question inevitably arises: What happened to the Camp David Accords? These, after all, were the moral basis of the great pro-Israel development of the past decade, namely the neutralization of Egypt. But those accords called for turning the West Bank and Gaza over to the Palestinians. These are not lush lands fit for generations of Palestinians. But they are the symbol at hand, and Mr. Begin's government clearly has no intention of turning these territories over even to disarmed Palestinians. That perception contaminates the original purity of the Israeli position, namely that it desired for itself a homeland, presumably because people are entitled to a homeland. It emerges that the Palestinians are a people. And Arafat begins now to blend into a Palestinian leader, from a terrorist chieftain.

If Begin were to take quick advantage of the situation to act generously toward the moderate Palestinians, represented by the mayors in the West Bank and in Gaza, he would easily recapture the moral initiative. As it is, he is hurting, as are the traditional friends of Israel. □

THE FINNEGAN ACT

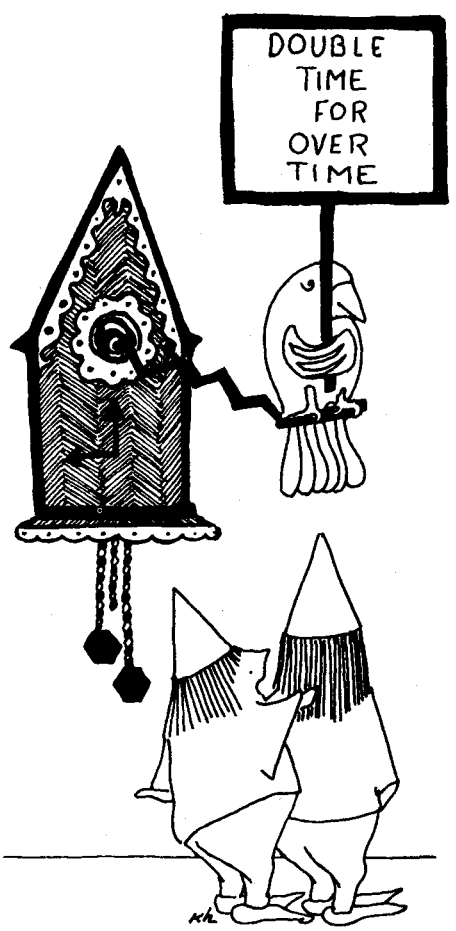
New York, Aug. 4—Crime is back in the news, as we read about the rape of 12-year-old girls (Vermont) and the strangulation of 82-year-old women (New Jersey), even though the crime rate is, in fact, statistically down, though not by very much. Crime is the grist of the tabloid press, and the day will never come when there isn't enough of it there to splatter over its pages. But the incredible U.S. crime rate (ten times that of England, just for instance) almost edges crime out of the orthodox news conduits. Why? For the same reason that if men took regularly to biting dogs, fresh episodes would cease to be newsworthy. As long as you know that a passenger-plane crash will make the front page of the *New York Times*, you can assume it is safe to fly.

The opponents of handguns are in heat: and one should not be sarcastic in dealing with them. It is true that the availability of handguns is a high factor in crime where emotional factors are involved. And even where they are not, the handgun is often in fact the weapon which is the efficient instrument of someone's death. If every handgun in America could be made to dissolve into putty, here would be one vote for it. Who knows, maybe even the National Rifle Association would have defectors. But of course that is not the problem.

Fasten then, for a moment, not on the usual questions—gun-control laws, ridiculous sentences, preposterous court decisions. Focus merely on one subject: fear.

What is it worth to be relieved of fear?

A very great deal. It is the primary function of government to protect innocent life. Its progressive failure to do so is a negative imposition that cannot be compensated for. No one can be made safe against random crime. There are Americans who, between the time these words are written, and the time they are printed, will be accidental victims of murderers, robbers, rapists, thugs in general; caught because the victims happened, at a particular moment, to be strolling in a particular park, crossing a particular road, idling at a particular store. These cannot be protected. But individuals can, and do, take steps to protect themselves when they are at home.



THE CLOCK STRIKES

A few seasons back, looking at proposed gun-control laws, Mr. B. Bruce-Briggs, writing in *The Public Interest*, asked the question one should give greater attention to right now: What is it worth to society for a couple to *feel* itself secure?—in virtue of having a loaded pistol handy.

Now the anti-handgun fundamentalists will tell you that the mere presence of a loaded pistol means that Mr. Finnegan is going to get drunk and shoot Mrs. Finnegan. Or that when Miss Finnegan sneaks in to pay a surprise visit to her mother and father, suddenly she will be dead, taken for an intruder. Or that the Finnegan grandchild, age six, will one day play with the pistol, it will go off, and there will be tragedy.

ALL OF THESE things can happen. But it can also happen that Mr. and Mrs. Finnegan, when the lights are out and sleep is attempted, will sleep less apprehensively because the door is securely locked, and Mr. Finnegan has a .32 loaded, right by where he is sleeping, where he can pick it up and blast away. Mr. Finnegan might even advertise, outside his own door, that he is an armed camp. "Caution: Inhabitant Has Firearms and Will Shoot Any Intruder."

Now, statistics overwhelm people, in almost all matters. But this intuition I pass along as a certitude: Namely that Mr. and Mrs. Finnegan ought to be permitted to give themselves that protection *because they will lead happier lives*. Which protection is not inconsistent with laws providing draconian penalties for Mr. Finnegan if caught wandering outside his apartment with his pistol. When he and Mrs. F. move to another house, police service should be provided to transport their weapon.

The diminution of fear is a palpable good. That, in effecting it, one runs other dangers, is not the critical consideration; any more than that seatbelts, which diminish damage in accidents, are after all attached to automobiles, which cause accidents. A positive program is needed to enhance personal safety in the home. There are Indians out there □

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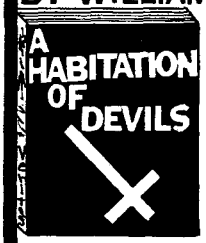
BY WILLIAM L. PARHAM



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LAMBRO

(Continued from page 1011)

But if disbelief in a budgetary system that is completely out of whack is not enough to spur Congress to approve the amendment, there is the even worse fear of a constitutional convention, which 31 states have petitioned Congress to call. Uhler does not see this as "a realistic fear at this moment, though it could become one if Congress fails to act this year." The Constitution, he notes, gives Congress the sole authority to call such a convention once petitioned by 34 states.

Conable, on the other hand, sees the petition drive as the object of a very real and growing fear among members, and a pivotal argument hastening the amendment's approval by Congress. Such a convention, Conable says, "would be the devil's playground. We want to avoid that like the plague; not just because it takes the action away from us, but because it would probably involve the one-issue groups to a very substantial degree and all the anti-abortionists and anti-busers would get into the act, too."

Constitutional scholars differ on this point, some saying that such a convention would be limited to the balanced-budget issue. Nonetheless, many members who lean toward this view aren't willing to take the chance.

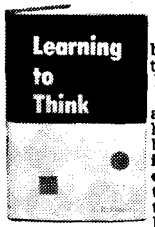
Meanwhile, strategists and lobbyists working for the amendment say their toughest battle will be in the House, where Judiciary Committee Chairman Peter Rodino has locked up the measure in, of all places, the Monopolies and Commercial Law Subcommittee, which he chairs. Rodino and Speaker Thomas P. "Tip" O'Neill have vowed that the amendment will never see the light of day, although recently Tip grudgingly admitted the amendment would likely pass the House despite Democratic opposition. The discharge petition needed to pry it loose from the Judiciary Committee has been filed by Conable, who has signed 229 co-sponsors for the amendment, 65 of them Democrats. He needs to get 218 signatures on the discharge petition—a somewhat more difficult task, because many co-sponsors of the amendment are viscerally opposed to using discharge petitions, which circumvent the committee process. But Senate action on the amendment should help.

Many people have labored long and hard to bring the balanced-budget amendment this far in its journey through the constitutional process. Uhler and Davidson, who have for years been Johnny Appleseeding the idea around the country, have provided the organizational leadership that has developed grassroots support. Economists such as Friedman, Craig Stubblebine of Claremont, and Roger Freeman of the Hoover Institution, among many others, have lectured widely on the need to bind down the big spenders in Congress with the chains of the Constitution. And politicians like Hatch and Conable have fought the parliamentary wars in its behalf.

Charges and countercharges will be flying fast and furious as the amendment faces its greatest hurdles in Congress in the days to come. In the midst of all this it might be wise to keep in mind the words of Professor Freeman, one of the amendment's staunchest supporters: "It is not that members of Congress do not wish to produce a balanced budget, but that under the circumstances they can only do so at a grave political risk to their survival. They need a defense against excessive demands which allows them to say 'no' to a multitude of pressure groups. Such a defense cannot be built by statute because any act of Congress can be amended or repealed by this Congress or the next. Only a constitutional amendment can impose credible and effective spending restraints." □

LEARNING TO THINK

By E. R. Emmett



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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Black magic — 182 36 97 196 112 132

B. To dwell in — 192 159 184 176 39 5

C. A magazine whose name indicates where it is published — 206 169 29 202 104 82 129 215 141

D. Vessels of a commercial nation — 210 19 37 45 51 32 49 60 77 88

116 195 27 71

E. Lacking completeness — 10 121 90 151 177 65 183 191 43

F. A column conducted for many years by Grantland Rice — 24 21 28 62 85 94 44 188 166 105

G. Instructive — 34 101 161 87 99 208 56 78 103 110

128

H. What sailors look forward to — 57 123 160 198 178 216 68 13 100

I. Where some nations get their fuel — 18 31 41 50 111 120 138

J. A Shakespearean role (Ah, Moor! were better than amour) — 67 106 139 91 58 173 148

K. Area that may be spotted from the larboard side — 89 174 203 149 199 190 92 143

L. A city in Malaysia — 137 93 157 185

M. A specialist who resolves disputes or corrects mechanical problems — 165 17 6 61 200 22 73 172 180 207

213 1 76 79

N. Suggests — 171 187 158 63 212 70

O. An interruption in office routine encouraged by Brazil — 42 64 115 147 8 15 131 33 38 59

109

P. An impasse encountered in chess (or a tired spouse?) — 163 175 4 201 95 9 46 114 118

Q. An arm of the Mediterranean between Greece and Turkey — 186 117 55 124 130 193 179 140 135

R. A member of an organization that advocates substantial sea power — 7 83 214 26 53 80 107 170 204 23

75

S. A city in central West Germany southeast of Frankfurt-am-Main — 98 181 69 35 194 126 152 119 134

T. A city that was formerly the capital of a Midwestern state — 144 2 30 16 66 86 96 125 209 20

72 25

U. Netherlanders — 3 113 122 145 14 150 164 102 211 47

54

V. A ponderous pachyderm used as a symbol — 52 108 146 81 12 127 153 155

W. What fewer and fewer farmers are engaged in — 74 11 40 48 84 133 168 205 154 162

167

X. Woolly creatures — 156 136 189 197 142

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1040 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 M	2 T	3 U	4 P	5 B		6 M	7 R	8 O		9 P	10 E	11 W	12 V	13 H		14 U	15 O	16 T	17 M
	18 I	19 D	20 T	21 F	22 M	23 R		24 F	25 T	26 R		27 D	28 F	29 C		30 T	31 I		32 D
33 O	34 G		35 S	36 A	37 D	38 O		39 B	40 W	41 I	42 O	43 E	44 F	45 D	46 P	47 U		48 W	49 D
	50 I	51 D	52 V		53 R	54 U	55 Q	56 G	57 H	58 J	59 O	60 D	61 M	62 F	63 N		64 O	65 E	
66 T	67 J	68 H	69 S	70 N	71 D		72 T	73 M		74 W	75 R	76 M		77 D	78 G	79 M	80 R		81 V
82 C	83 R	84 W	85 F	86 T	87 G	88 D	89 K		90 E	91 J	92 K	93 L	94 F	95 P		96 T	97 A	98 S	99 G
100H		101G	102U		103G	104C	105F		106J	107R	108V	109Q		110G	111I	112A	113U	114P	
115Q	116D	117Q	118P	119S	120I	121E		122U	123H	124Q	125T		126S	127V	128G	129C		130Q	131O
132A	133W	134S		135Q		136X	137L	138I	139J	140Q	141C		142X	143K	144T	145U	146V		147O
148J	149K		150U	151E	152S	153V	154W	155V	156X		157L	158N		159B	160H	161G	162W	163P	164U
	165M	166F	167W		168W	169C	170K	171N	172M	173J	174K	175P	176B	177E	178H	179Q		180M	181S
182A	183E		184B	185L	186Q	187N	188F	189X	190K		191E	192B	193Q	194S	195D	196A	197X	198H	199K
200M	201P	202C		203K	204R	205W		206C	207M	208G		209T	210D	211U	212N	213M	214R	215C	216H

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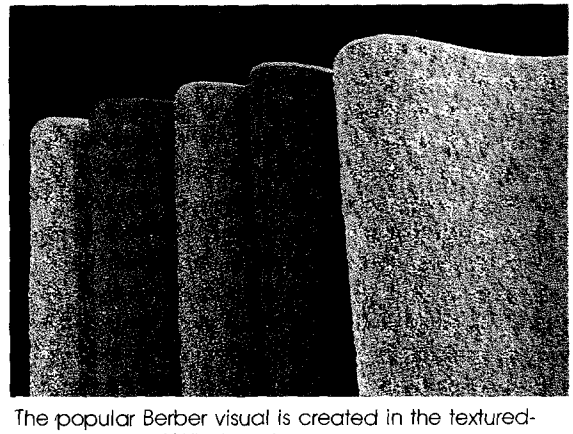

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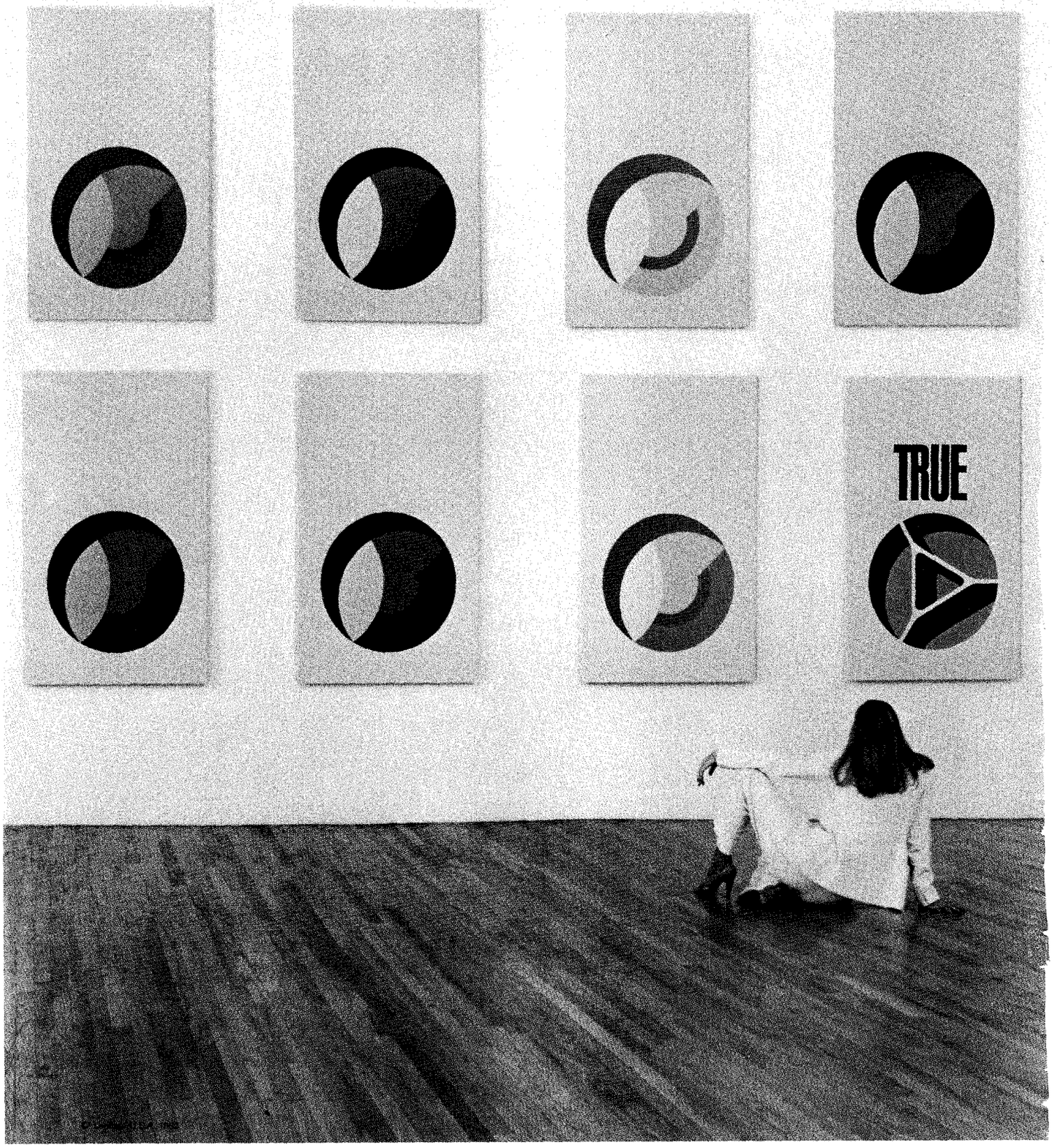

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